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## Japanese Liberalism

# THE DIAL

A FORTNIGHTLY

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# THE DIAL

A FORTNIGHTLY

## *Liberalism in Japan*

### I. THE INTELLECTUAL PREPARATION

ONE HEARD THE WORD frequently from the mouths of Japanese fellow travelers as one crossed the Pacific—De-mo-kras-ie. The animated, cultivated man, who after wearing the baggiest clothes of the ship blossomed out one day in a general's uniform with rows of medals, and turned out to be one of the heroes of the Russo-Japanese war, confided in you that he was on his way back from France to explain to his countrymen the new world situation and preach the gospel of democracy. An ardent returning student told you of an interview with a distinguished American educator in which the latter had said to him that the future relations of Japan and the United States were secure if both followed the same principles, and who added on his own account, "Yes, the same principles. We have had enough exchange of compliments and fine words. We need to adopt American principles of democracy." And he avowed his intention of becoming an apostle of those principles. The day after landing, another returned student tells you that when he landed just a year before it was not safe to utter the word democracy, as it might send you to prison, but that now everybody was talking it, even coolies and ricksha-men. And the American educator who has lived in Japan fifteen years says that there has been more alteration in the spirit of Japan in the prior six months than he had seen in the whole fifteen years of residence.

But the Japanese tell you that their opinions are unstable; that they are mercurial, easily aroused to follow the last intellectual fashion; that they catch readily but superficially at the latest trend of ideas only to turn to another, even its opposite, when something more "up-to-date" comes along. So Nietzsche had given way to Eucken, the latter to James, and James to Bergson in the realm of those who coquetted with philosophy—all in the last few years. Germany had been not merely ingloriously defeated but had collapsed in internal revolution. America had come out with fine words and had surprisingly made its words good in

deeds. Autocracy out of fashion, democratic styles were in. Was the change anything more than this?

As one remained and became somewhat better acquainted with the currents of thought—not an easy thing where the language is unknown and where every intellectual is a specialist and assumes similar specialization of interest on your part—one realized that the change was not so sudden as it seemed on the surface. All during the years of the most reactionary conservatism—and they were much more reactionary than the present writer at least had ever dreamed of—there existed genuinely liberal thinkers and teachers. The infiltration of the best Western ideas had been as steady if not as bulky as that of Western shoddy, physical and intellectual. The defeat of Germany had not so much brought about a sudden and superficial change as it had removed the lid. It became possible, almost popular, to say out loud what liberals had been saying quietly and steadily in the class room, or in the public press in language sufficiently veiled to pass the eye of the police. The change of fashion was a fact, was indeed a large part of the situation. But it operated mainly to depress the prestige of the reactionary bureaucrats and to increase that of the liberals so that men were willing, and even glad, to listen to them.

The seemingly abrupt alteration was in largest measure the appearance above the surface of a movement that had been long maturing—assuredly a much healthier state of affairs. All during the war the lines had been drawing. Even before the final defeat of Germany there were a courageous few who dared to take the view that the war was between two systems and that Japan would remain in an anomalous position as long as she was the foe of Germany in war, but her disciple and follower in government and educational methods. On the other hand, even in the midst of war against Germany, influential voices were raised defending German institutions, German

thought, and German ideals, and explaining that since Japan had made these her own and built her greatness upon them she was an enemy of Germany only in a military sense, and even that only for certain specific purposes. I was among those who heard Baron Ishii denounce German propaganda as responsible for alienation of feeling between the United States and Japan, and like many more of my countrymen I was much moved thereby. But when I reached Japan I marveled. For I found that intellectually, morally, and politically an active German propaganda had been carried on during the war by Japanese officials. I learned that in the army the conscript recruits had been systematically got together and taught the superiority of German institutions to those of the Allies, and especially the superiority of German militarism and the fact that it could not be defeated. I learned that on the very day when the armistice was declared an important intellectual figure was billed for a public lecture on Why Germany Cannot Be Defeated.

These facts are not mentioned to rake up grounds of offense. They help explain the courage of the liberals who when the war was still undecided had said that Germany must be defeated not merely to oust her from the Far East, but because she was autocratic and militaristic, and begged the Japanese to eliminate from their own government and administrative methods all that Japan had borrowed from Germany lest Japan should in the end find herself also at odds with the whole world. And the fact that the lines had been so openly and stringently drawn made the final defeat and still more the spectacular collapse of the invulnerable state a sensational victory for the liberals against the bureaucrats. It gave liberal and democratic ideas a vogue which they would not have had if there had not been during the war itself a struggle between the partisans and the opponents of German ideals and an application of the controversy to domestic politics.

The highest wave of democratic sentiment in Japan has apparently receded since the winter and early spring months. The Japanese are quick—often too quick—and they have not failed to take home to themselves the lesson of the failure at Paris of the fine words which President Wilson flourished when he took the United States into the war. It may be that the racial discrimination issue was raised at Paris as a smoke-screen to obfuscate the Shantung question—diplomats other than Japanese have been known to raise a moral question when they wished to gain a material point. But there can be no doubt of the immense popularity of the issue in Japan. The interest was

clearly in part "accelerated" by politicians of light conscience, like Marquis Okuma, but there is no question of the popularity of the response. When the newspapers gave next to no attention to other problems of the Paris Conference they gave columns to this one. And the defeat of the proposal to insert a recognition of the principle of equality of nations in the Preamble to the League Covenant was a blow to liberal thought. For it made it easy to assert that all the democratic professions of equality and humanity of the Allies during the war were part of a hypocritical propaganda. At the last, the Japanese proposal was whittled down to a Platonic and almost Pickwickian statement. The more those who opposed it believed that it was not offered in good faith but for ulterior purpose, the more willingly they should have favored it—if only as a sop to sentiment and a slave to pride. Its rejection was worse than inhumane; it was stupid. To have accepted it would have been to create good feeling and also a frank and objective basis for a discussion of immigration as an economic and political question, free from entanglements with the question of racial prejudice. As it is, the two questions are still entangled, and the supporter of restricted immigration on economic grounds (and political also till Japan has radically changed its form of government) is hampered by the bad conscience that comes from giving to Japan an opportunity to inject the question of race and color discrimination into the discussion. But for present purposes the consequence chiefly of importance is that the action of the Conference gave a great tactical advantage to the Japanese upholder of things as they were and dampened the ardor for democratic ideas.

The other leading force in giving liberal thought a temporary setback is the raising of the Chinese issue. "Patriotism" is more acute in Japan than in any country of the globe, and the press is more recklessly irresponsible than that of any other country of the globe. And the political consciousness of the people is still immature. Consequently the intelligent and critical discussion of foreign relations, hard enough in any country, is unusually difficult in Japan. In fact one of the ablest of the intellectual liberals in Japan said in spite of his democratic beliefs he dreaded the time when diplomacy should come in Japan more under popular influence, for the professional diplomats were much more enlightened, much more cosmopolitan, more sympathetic with Western ideas and ways than were the people, who are still blindly chauvinistic—as was indicated in the riots that protested against the mildness of the terms of peace with Russia and that constantly clamors for a stronger foreign policy.

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Anyhow, it was an easy matter to lead the mass of the Japanese people to think that there is a conspiracy to thwart the true national destiny of Japan in Asia and that nominally democratic countries, especially the United States, are at the bottom of this plot. And the militarist party has not been slow to point the moral or to hold up Japanese liberals as embryonic traitors who would weaken and destroy the national cause. It was not Japan that originated the motto "Our country right or wrong" or that originated the psychology which is sure that our country is always right. Consequently the Japanese liberals who wish to tell the truth about conditions in China—and there are a good number of them—at the same time temporarily handicap the liberal cause because they seem to be identified with an unpatriotic and anti-nationalistic cause.

If the situation can develop in a reasonable normal way, there is no doubt as to where ultimate triumph will lie. It was European imperialism that taught Japan that the only way in which it could be respected was to be strong in military and naval force. Not its art nor the exquisite courtesy of its people nor its eager curiosity gave Japan the rank of one of the Big Five at Paris. And none of these things brought triumph to its diplomats there. Until the world puts less confidence in military force and deals out justice internationally on some other basis than command of force, the progress of democracy in Japan will be uncertain, because in Japan more than any other country the strength of political reactionism centers in the army, in the ideas which it breeds and in the officials who come, will-

ingly or unwillingly, under its influence. But, barring outside events, two great forces are working on the side of liberal ideas and institutions. One is intellectual, the other economic. Japan is trying, under the leadership of its present rulers, an impossible experiment. It recognizes its dependence on the West for material, technical, and scientific development, and welcomes the introduction of Western ideas and methods so far as they concern these things. But it is trying at the same time to preserve intact its own peculiar moral and political heritage; it is claiming superiority in these respects to anything the West can give it. It is another chosen nation, unique in origin and destiny. With extraordinary toughness and tenacity it has managed somehow to conserve the feudal and even barbarian morale and politics of the warrior, while it has borrowed wholesale the entire scientific and industrial technique of the world. But no nation can enduringly live a double life; Japan shows everywhere the strain of this split in its life. Nor can the Japanese, even with all their power of resistance, indefinitely shut out the entrance of genuinely Western ideas and aims. These have crept in and are expelling the traditional ideas in spite of the most incredibly reactionary system of primary education the world has ever known. The first fruits of this creeping in is that release of liberal ideas which accompanied the defeat of Germany. As one of the intellectual leaders of the new Japan put it, the change that has come over Japan in the last year is not describable in words; it is intellectual, moral, even metaphysical.

JOHN DEWEY.

## *The Passing of the Frontier*

THAT EMERSON HOUGH and Stewart Edward White belong to different generations of the Middle West will be at once apparent to the reader of their contributions to the *Chronicles of America Series*, even if the personal history of the authors is unknown. Hough, who is a man of sixty or more, writes in the spirit of one who was a part of the life he describes and longs to recover, while White remains the keen-eyed reporter of the facts as he finds them recorded.

In Hough's *Passing of the Frontier* (Yale University Press) there is much good history, but it is written in the wistful mood of the plainsman who hunted the buffalo, rode the long Texas trail, and camped beside the nameless mountain stream. In *The Forty Niners* (Yale University Press) White remains hu-

morously critical throughout, assembling his evidence against his heroes quite as readily as in their favor. His story is delightfully clear and very concise in statement.

For example, he gives quite bluntly the actual record of John C. Fremont's exploits, and describes in a few pages the discovery of gold and the curiously haphazard founding of San Francisco, all in the calm spirit of historical investigation. He strips the whole era of its falsely romantic atmosphere—he even doubts the "idyllic character" of the Spanish occupation of California—or at least he seems to think the facts of that life have been highly idealized. Nevertheless his temper remains admirable and his statements, being properly documented, are entirely convincing. Though a novelist, he has always observed for himself

and in this book he has stated his conclusions in his own way. He shows keen interest in the giants of those days but he is not emotionally partisan. He is neither accusing them nor apologizing for them. There is loss as well as gain in this method of approach. His book convinces and informs, but fails to move his reader, admirable as his pages are.

Hough on the contrary feels his subject deeply and dwells lovingly on certain of its phases. He betrays a reminiscent, youthful admiration for the men who rode bronchos, hunted bison, and led ox-trains across the plains; and in this retrospective glow he composes, somewhat as a poet might do, sentences which march and sing. The beauties of the oldtime plain, the epic sweep of settlement and the stern battles of the border, are indicated with a fervor which is not customary in the mere historian. One of the most striking and eloquent passages in the book reads thus:

The chief figure of the American West is not the long-haired fringed-legging man riding a raw-boned pony but the gaunt and sad-faced woman sitting on the front seat of the wagon, following her lord where he might lead, her face hidden in the same ragged sunbonnet which had crossed the Appalachians and the Missouri long before. That was America, my brethren! There was the seed of America's wealth. There was the great romance of all America—the woman in the sunbonnet.

In *The Passing of the Frontier* the trails and the trailmakers, the wars of the sheepmen and cattlemen, and the ultimate triumph of the small farmer are the large events which are treated in brief chapters. The coming of wire fences, the effect of railways on the migration of game as well as on the habits of the red hunter, the changes in the shipment of stock, all these are arranged as parts of a colossal and colorful drama in which the author had some part and for whose picturesque side he permits himself to utter a frank expression of admiration. One might almost say *The Passing of the Frontier* is a threnody, so deeply colored is it by the somber meditation of the gray-haired man yielding himself to a resurg-ing love of the stirring days of old. The men were full-sized and red-blooded in those days, he says, and in his reminiscent joy I am able in some degree to share.

In the beginning of one chapter he makes the very pertinent observation that there were in fact many frontiers, and that the Western movement (at least after 1840) proceeded by leaps and sudden rushes rather than by a regular advance like an army on the march. There was a Middle Border, a Southwest Border, a Mountain Border, and a far-flung California Border as well. The cattle industry, the fur trade, the mining of gold, and the settlement of free lands on the plains each had its vedettes, its columns which split and at times

almost lost all sense of formation in their advance. My own experience was with the Middle Border as it moved from the Mississippi River across Iowa and Minnesota on into Dakota and Montana. My father and I followed close upon the Indian and the bison, but took no active part in their extinction.

All these frontiers, as Hough points out, are now gone, utterly gone. America no longer has a region of mystery, of untracked spaces, and something fine and strong and free is passing from our national life—something the man of the East Side tenement cannot imagine, much less understand; something which helped to make our fathers the unconquerable individualists they were.

As in California the spirit of the Forty Niner (which was akin to that of the trapper and cowboy) has passed into something far less inspirational even if it seems more stable, so the plainsman has passed. The range has been plowed and billions of hens and hogs are swarming where the coyote and the prairie chicken sang. The plains are fenced; the red men are struggling with the plow. Hough mourns for the oldtime West and I, rejoicing in the fact that I was born early enough to know something of its inspiration and much of its charm, join in his lament:

Always it has been the frontier which has allured many of our boldest souls. And always just back of the frontier, advancing, receding, crossing it this way and that, succeeding and failing, hoping and despairing—but steadily advancing in the net result, has come that portion of the population which builds homes and lives in them, and which is not content with a blanket for a bed and the sky for a roof above.

We had a frontier once. It was our most priceless possession. It has not been possible to eliminate from the blood of the American West, diluted though it has been by far less worthy strains, all the iron of the old home-bred frontiersman. The frontier has been a lasting and ineradicable influence for the good of the United States. It was there we showed our fighting edge, our unconquerable resolution, our undying faith. There, for a time at least, we were Americans.

We had our frontier. We shall do ill indeed if we forget and abandon its strong lessons, its great hopes, its splendid human dreams.

To this warning I add whatever force my signature may carry. Over against the bitterness which springs from the congestion of great cities I like to place the faith in which my pioneer sire wrought for over eighty years—a faith in the open spaces which enabled him to think of reform without violence and of the prosperity of others without bitterness or hate. In a sense the frontier of American progress will never pass. So long as we have faith in the future and in the transforming effect of our winds and skies the gate of the sunset is open to the intellectual pathfinder, the trail-maker, the gold-seeker.

HAMLIN GARLAND.

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## Why and How the Prices Change

IT IS NOT MORE THAN AN AXIOM that the larger the fraction taken as its share by business enterprise out of the total product of industry the smaller must be the other shares. These are days of wide margins for the entrepreneur class—great profits, high dividends declared, or high undivided profits for later declaration. A certain rubber company has just reported that "surplus earnings for the years 1917 and 1918 were equivalent each year to about thirty per cent on the common stock; for the first half of 1919, substantially the same." In October the common stock will go to an eight per cent dividend basis, and an extra dividend is promised early next year. The volume of business increased from 83 millions in 1914 to 215 millions in 1918. The capital is about to be increased from 110 to 280 millions.

Profiteering? It may be. But it is not an especially extreme case. The four months' boom in the stock market has had its basis in a general increase in earnings over practically the entire field of established enterprise. This means that margins are wide between costs and selling prices—wages and the other costs lagging behind the prices of products. The prices of products for consumption have been going up appallingly—and are still going up.

But the returns on corporate securities have to increase in number of dollars correspondingly with the changing prices, else the investment share in the aggregate national product must have declined. In fact, this share has more than maintained itself. But the dollars accruing to bond and preferred stockholders do not increase in number, and continue to fall in purchasing power. Here is further room for a rise in dividends at the expense of the senior security holders without prejudice to the public.

But still there may have been and may now be profiteering at the expense of consumers. While general prices have something less than doubled, business margins have more than trebled—from something like 3 billions in 1914 to 11 or 12 billions in 1918.

Only, what is profiteering? Is it significant that for two years the rubber company mentioned has been behind its orders and that practically all producers are reporting a similar inability to meet the demand for goods at ruling prices? It looks as if all might be getting still higher prices, imposing thus a further acceleration in the rate of rise. It is in any event clear that in this current inability to keep up with orders is the guaranty that prices are going still further to rise.

Is there no end to it? And what good—or

evil—cause is there for it all? What strange thing is hidden in the present situation to make it all so new and perplexing—so good for dividends and for offered jobs, so bad for the consuming public? Clearly enough, it is not the Trusts. We have had them for a long time—or they us. We have merely the same Trusts, operating now in a period of rapidly rising prices. The Packers may be grasping people; are probably in a combination. But in this also there is nothing new. Have the Trusts been doing something recently as to meat prices—fixing these prices in any new sense—or have they been merely taking all possible advantage of the new price opportunities that the new situation offers? Possibly the margins are outrageous—probably they are. But, in any case, they are an insignificant fraction of the retail selling prices of meats. Never in fact have they been small. But now, when meats have risen twenty cents per pound, the cancellation of all these packers' margins, the justified with the wicked, would leave a rise of 19 cents for buyers still to pay.

Or the middlemen? They are a problem also, both tragic and comic in its seriousness. But they present no new problem excepting in the sense that now the middlemen are active in a period of rapid increase in prices. Nor is there reason to suppose that their exactions are now an increasing per cent of their turnover. The toll is a scandal, the expense loading in retailing outrageous. But so it long has been. At present the rate of gross profit, the percentage of charge, is probably rather subnormal than supernormal. In truth, in terms not of dollars of gain but of what the dollars will buy, the retailer is probably suffering with the rest of us. Such is, indeed, the nature of the process of rising prices. Retail prices lag behind wholesale—rise later and less. The dealer fixes his selling prices on the cost-plus basis. He figures his margins by percentages. In large part, therefore, it is the old and lower price that rules the present price. Not rarely, as now in the clothing trade, the dealer's selling price is little above the price that he will have to pay for his fall stock of goods. Doubtless the retailers may do some intermediate marking up, making thereby some small book gains on the rising prices of the stocks. But these are gains that are neither great nor real. The new and higher book capital will swing a smaller rather than a larger business. It is turnover that tells. The retailer has to keep up his stock.



So far, then, there is little to hope for from the folk at Washington that are enacting pop-gun bills and instituting pop-gun prosecutions. Good political strategy these things may all be, but they are sheer delusions for purposes of remedy—promises that will never be liquidated. They are a part of the same uncomprehending talk and fret that attended the rise in prices in the Revolution days of the French assignats; that was rife with the debacle of the Continental currency in our early history; that went on over the price-kiting of the Civil War—the same buzz and chatter that prevailed in Russia and Austria till the money had depreciated into practical disappearance—the same angry beating against caging bars that is now general in France and Italy and England, where the prices still go up and where nothing avails to stop either the prices or the flow of denunciation about them.

Then it must be the speculators, the warehouse men and the cold-storage men? Proceed we, then, against the speculators. But, after all, if these speculators will not sell the goods to us now—buy them now to hold for sale to us later—it must be that they expect us later to be willing to pay more for the goods than we are willing to pay now to get them. They have no notion of taking the goods away from us, but only of letting us have them at another time. It is the purpose of their buying now to supply us later at the higher prices that we can then be induced to pay. Their bidding away the goods from us now by raising the price offers us our sole hope of a supply later at any price. No doubt they are buying now dearer to sell later still dearer. And no doubt they buy the more keenly and push up prices the more rapidly as they see that prices are now in process of going up the more rapidly. But this brings us back to the same old question: what makes the prices in general rise? And what makes these speculators and engrossers and regraters and rascals-at-large so sure that prices are still further going to rise? These men are profiteers. But just this is what all men are in business. Profits are still the motive power. Why should the speculators be so exceptionally keen now to bid up prices against one another, in the lively expectation that good profits will still be left out of the later and still higher selling prices? Whence this confidence in a general price advance—all of the speculators proceeding on the assumption of advancing prices—the bears merely expecting a lesser rise? The only thing novel about the present speculation is that it is a speculation in times of rapidly rising prices and in the expectation of a still further and rapid rise. What offers the bull operator the rising prices that are a special invitation to his speculative activities? Is he himself the maker of the prices on the basis of which and

through the lure of which he speculates, and out of which he draws his gain—the prices getting higher merely because he expects them to and decrees that they shall? But it is still open to anyone to speculate for a fall if he thinks well. No sane man so thinks.

It is, of course, obvious that if the storage man gets the eggs now, you and I must so far go without them now. The eggs cannot now be freezing for some speculator to supply for some later breakfast, at the same time that they are boiling for someone's present breakfast. Now or then, not now and then. If no one stores now, there must next January be a shortage of eggs for everyone's breakfast. The extreme of spring or summer plenty goes only with the extreme of winter dearth. Next January we shall need the storage man and be glad to pay him his profit rather than have no eggs. He is a redistributor of consumption in point not of space but of time, determining not so much that there shall be more or fewer eggs per year—the hens have that in charge—as that there shall be less at one season and more at another, a restricted consumption when there is a relative plenty, to the end that there shall be a less restriction when the current supplies are small.

It would, in fact, go extremely ill with us if there were nowhere either storage men or storage women. If the warehousing and storing profiteers are eliminated, the housewives will have to take charge: regrating and forestalling will have to go on with pickle jars and water glass and cold packing. No doubt the skilful housewife and the other sort of rascally speculators differ in this—that the speculator is holding to sell again to later users while the housewife is holding for the later use of her family. And precisely thus it comes about that when prices are rising the speculator may overdo the storage business as matter of general welfare, and may yet make the thing pay him a good profit, solely because of the rising prices. So in times of falling prices speculative storage is too far limited from the point of view of the general good. Falling prices—rising dollars—discourage holding for a later sale, and thereby penalize society by future dearth for the instability of its currency. With currency moving toward depreciation—cheaper dollars, rising prices—speculative over-storage penalizes society for a reverse instability of its currency. Speculation has imperatively important functions. But it forfeits much or all of its serviceability if it must include in its operations not only the exchangeable goods but the media for their exchange. Speculation on the dollars' side of things is bad. Standards, to be standards, need to be stable.

But to decree clearing out cold-storage



plants and the warehouses and elevators is not to provide a substitute service but merely to impose a substitute disease. Present prices are curbed and present consumption fostered on terms of imposing a later dearth and a more than offsetting advance in prices. This is merely the improvident postponement of an inevitable reckoning—the best that is to be said of it being that probably it will come to nothing much anyway. But if something does come of it in the direction of eliminating the speculator, it will be for the authorities that have displaced him to find something with which to replace him. To disregard at present the requirements of the future is to invite disaster. Price control, not a helter-skelter clearance, is the logical substitute for speculation. Rationing, in turn, is the logical and imperative supplement to price restriction. Artificially limited prices mean a stimulated present consumption—speculatively enhanced prices, a restricted present consumption. In part, therefore, it is due to the stimulated consumption of last year and in part to the undue speculative restriction of this year that the stock of wheat on June 1 was nearly three-fold that of a year ago, of rye four and a half-fold, barley three, buckwheat four, cured beef two, frozen pork three, frozen fowls four.

To the rising prices, then, have been due the swollen profits and the restricted real wages. To the rising prices are also due the occasionally exceptional exactions of the monopolies. To the rising prices again is due the unusual and excessive activity of speculators. But to what are due the rising prices?

All the current glib talk about an increasing demand and a decreasing supply is sheer nonsense as explanation of a general rise in prices. It can be only an increasing supply of currency or a diminishing demand for it that can explain cheap dollars. General prices are a question of the ratio of the goods to be exchanged through the media of exchange—the volume of currency—to the volume of the currency intermediate through which the exchanging is to be done. Only as relative to the volume of currency with which to buy goods can an increasing or decreasing general supply of goods affect general prices. To talk about the diminishing supply or the increasing demand of any one good is of use in explaining the rising price of that good. But it is a different matter for all goods taken together and set over against the money, or currency through which, as medium and standard, they are all to be exchanged. The ratio becomes then solely one of the total supply of goods to the supply of media. Only through a diminished supply of goods against media, or through an increasing supply of media against goods, is a rise

in general prices to be accounted for. Excepting, indeed, in the sense of this ratio of the aggregate of goods to the aggregate of media for their exchange, all talk of a generally increasing demand for goods or of a generally diminishing supply is incompetent as bearing on general prices. Goods exchange against one another, with currency serving merely as intermediate. Thus it is only an increase in the supply of goods in general that can furnish an increase in the demand for goods in general and for an intermediate through which to exchange them. Demand for one commodity—through money—exists only by virtue of the supply of other commodities offered for money. Supply of one commodity is demand for other commodities. An increased output of products involves an increase in the volume of exchanging to take place—an increased general demand being merely a different way of reporting an increased supply. All supplies are demands and all demands are supplies—the total output of goods reporting at the same time the total demand for goods and the total supply—demand and supply being merely different aspects of the same commodities, according to the way they are thought of in relation to one another. When wheat is exchanging against shoes, either good is demand against the other, either is supply against the other. Exchanging goods are equally supplies against supplies or demands against demands. There is no such thing as a general shortage of goods relative to one another, or of a general increase of demand relative to one another, or of a general rise in prices relative to one another. Goods in general can rise or fall in price only through the relation of the supply of goods to the medium through which as intermediate all get exchanged against one another.

But the exchange of each particular good for another good divides into two steps. Instead of exchanging wheat for shoes, one sells his wheat for a price and with that price buys shoes. What is it that has made both the wheat and the shoes go up in terms of the intermediate? The demand for each particular thing presents itself in terms of money, the currency that other things were exchanged into, and that is now being offered as purchasing power for the particular thing. Why is more money now offering for each thing? Or, to push it a step back, why did all of the other things command more money when they were exchanged into money, so that now more money is offered for each particular thing? In whatever way it is approached, the problem always finally presents itself as one of the ratio of the supplies of goods in general to the supply of the media of exchange, the price thing, the standard, the money

thing, the currency. Why is this thing becoming so relatively and increasingly plenty that it has to go the way of all other things that get relatively plenty—it gets cheap? Why does everything now buy more money, money less of everything? Why are general prices high?

Most questions are half answered in getting rightly stated. The world production of goods has fallen. Even without a currency inflation, in the absence of any deflation, world prices would somewhat have risen. Our production probably fell off during the war. There was room in this for some small rise in general prices in America, even had we not inflated. Now, however, our production has become phenomenally great. But the fact that we are expanding our currency faster than we are increasing our production keeps prices still going up. The prices that rise faster than the costs leave the margins high, dividends generous, stocks booming. That costs are rising less rapidly than products is merely one way of saying that wages are not maintaining their purchasing power. Hence one of the stimulations to strikes. Even where wages have kept up with prices, the laborers interpret this higher money wage as due to themselves, irrespective of the general price situation, as rightly won and held on grounds of particular merit or good fortune, and regard the concurrently rising prices as a malicious intervention to rob them of the vested rights of victory. The general equity breaks up into what seems a hydra-headed wrong. So again, the creditor class, the holders of the bonds and preferred stocks, the annuitants, the fixed salariat, and the commission-regulated folk, are all suffering, and wonder and gasp and pray—where they are not intelligent enough to swear. The middlemen do their good best to keep in step with the upward swing of prices and lag not far behind. The speculator, making way as best he can at his double-headed problem—on the one hand his adjustment of prices to relative future needs; on the other hand, the speculative lure of cheapening money—brings earlier the rise in price that will be later due and thereby unduly restricts the supply of goods available for present use.

Meanwhile Washington busies itself with denunciations of the wrong man and with remedies for the wrong thing. Governor Harding admits the inflation—32½ billions of bank deposits in 1918 as against 18½ in 1914, a 14 per cent increase in national bank deposits in the last year—but thinks we can do nothing with it so long as prices keep rising; explains the inflation by the prices, not the prices by the inflation; and defends the inflation as a necessary policy in caring for business in view

of the trend of prices. But what, then, did actually cause the rising prices? The rising costs? All along they have been lagging behind the prices, else there had been no widening margin of profits. The profiteers? They merely recognize the prices that are. The speculators? They recognize the forces behind the situation that will ultimately fix the prices. They are the servants of price—merely accelerating what they foresee, bringing it earlier, and preventing it from later going higher still. The Trusts? Their expanding gains are typical of business in general rather than exceptions to it—and are inconsiderable for the purpose of explaining the present situation.

But what about the great demands from foreign peoples, who, lacking equally goods to use or goods to sell, appeal to us to sell them goods and offer only promises to buy with? They must also be contributors to our continuing inflation, as must likewise be every other demand, foreign or domestic, governmental or private, that gets discounted by the banks into circulating deposit credit. The price inflation is the direct and the certain result of the inflation of bank credit—30 odd billions of it now to do the exchanging that 18 billions used to do. The rise in prices will not stop till the banks stop expanding their deposit circulation through extending discount or purchase of private and public obligations. And the banks will not stop till somebody or something stops them. No one of them can stop the others, and there is no use in any one's stopping if the others are to go on. Washington sees no reason for intervening—since surely the banker must be informed of whatever public emergency exists. Governor Harding stands ready with the rediscounting facilities of the Federal Reserve Banks—reserves being still redundant—to supply to the limit of possibility such new reserves as the member banks may require for the further extension of their accommodations and of their deposit liabilities.

But fortunately this process, to which there is nowhere any human wisdom to prescribe a limit, will shortly prescribe its own limit. The greatest of the Reserve Associations is near to the end of its credit tether—its reserves approaching shortage. What, however, is to happen when the blank wall of inelasticity is reached no one can confidently foretell. Clear it is that the Reserve Associations will have inflated themselves out of that credit elasticity which, for the safeguarding of business enterprise, industrial efficiency and financial solvency, it is their primary function to provide and maintain.

H. J. DAVENPORT.

## The Little Back Room

ONCE BY MISTAKE I rented a little room in the Brown Borough, London, about the size of a billiard table. When I say by mistake I mean that my original object had been to rent a rather larger front room, which happened to be ideal for the Shop which I had in mind. It was only when the negotiations were far advanced and I was looking for a reason for the rather high rent demanded, that the agent broke to me the news that a little back room was inevitably included, like a baker's make-weight. It was a very dirty little room indeed, looking out on to a backyard of such dirtiness that I could not write of it on this clean paper. The walls were freely perforated, there was no need to open the door in order to examine passing fellow lodgers in the hall. This was almost a blessing, in view of the fact that the window had forgotten how to open. Several of the window panes were made of wood instead of glass, which again had advantages, since wooden panes need no cleaning. Not that former lodgers had apparently wasted any energy on window cleaning; there was very little difference in transparency between the glass panes and the wooden ones. There were three missing planks in the floor of that room, and there was a fireplace which you could really light, if you were very careful not to disturb its balance. Of course if you lighted it roughly with a coarse wooden match and an ordinary tough Sunday paper it naturally fell out into the room. I don't know whether the game of Spellicans is universally known; I hope so, for I feel that the practice I have had in lighting my fire has given me a reasonable chance for the world's championship in Spellicans. My tongue sticks out yet—a sign of exquisite caution—when I think of building that fire. Only the lightest Evening News, skilfully shredded, would do, and firewood split and split again, and an edifice of tiny coals, and the most fairylike touch of a match.

"Pore people like dirt and bad repair," said the agent. "Why bless you, they wouldn't know themselves without a bug or two in the wall to keep the 'ome together and an 'ole in the winder to let in the sun to dry the clo'es by. Why I've known 'em come to me cryin' because there wasn't no vermin in the place for them to make pets of. Under the circo I might 'ave a lick or two of paint on the wood-work, and a yard or two of paper on the 'oles in the wall—more than that I'm not authorized to see to."

A few little square patches of seagreen paper were therefore pasted about my grey wall, as a conces-

sion to the circo, and my table, chair, and bookshelf, which had been waiting expectantly elsewhere, moved in. I had left the back room as a blank sheet in my plans, as all my intentions were centered in the business to be born in the front room. I installed a table, chair, and bookshelf as articles sufficiently ambiguous for any development.

Monsieur Jacques, the antique-chair maker in the basement of the house, who was a former friend of mine, met me on the threshold with much pride on the morning of my humble moving, to show me a wonderful patchwork of various coloured oilcloth which he had nailed all over my floor in the night. Some of the warmer coloured patches had almost the effect of sunlight on the floor. Monsieur Jacques was a good friend to me; the one flaw in our friendship was the fact that I was always finding myself entangled in his complicated family affairs. He had by some mischance acquired two wives, the first English, the second of his own race. The first, though she had indeed no wish to regain possession of him, was fond of employing me as a messenger in regard to the affairs of their son, a poilu in the French Army. Messages concerning this first family were anything but music in the ears of Monsieur Jacques, but he was always very patient with me. Sometimes the messages were of so heated and difficult a nature that I committed them to paper only, and pushed them under the basement door. Monsieur Jacques and I never referred to these by word of mouth; we met again with unbiased manners. The second Madame Jacques, a lady who, I imagine, had never ceased talking long enough to learn any tongue but her own, never seemed to feel any coldness towards me as an intermediary, although the whole affair was known to her. My native Brown Borough friends could never take the French tongue seriously. They used to listen with benevolent smiles to the loud noise of Monsieur and Madame Jacques and me, talking all at once. The Babel was supposed to be a sort of concerted joke between us, and Monsieur Jacques' curious English was also accepted as a further example of his unflinching facetiousness.

For the first few weeks I used my back room as an Arts and Crafts School. I happened to have a good many friends among applewomen, and other hangers-on of barrows in the city. Wartime and wintertime are bad times in which to be old and unskilled, times too when dry fruit is elusive game and yields good hunting only to the most agile. Now I had passed a certain amount of my young life in a schoolroom overflowing with handicrafts,



and I was more or less skilled in the production of objects of a value artistically doubtful and commercially more than doubtful. Bazaars, however, afford tolerant custom, and custom that flourishes especially in wartime. In these I put my trust. Into my little back room every evening I fitted, with jigsaw exactness, two old apple ladies, one young miscellaneous-barrow lady, one girl over school age, another just under, and occasionally a wounded coster soldier. All these people I instructed in the art of making baskets of a uniquely useless kind in raffia of many colours. The piebald walls of my little back room became saturated with song, scandal, the frequent sound of laughter, the occasional sound of tears, and other social intercourse. The senior "Granny" was often drunk and generally cheerful; the junior one always fresh and moist from some dreadful stroke of fortune; the young barrow-lady almost too full of energy to be safely contained in the classroom; the older schoolgirl bubbling with immoral anecdotes about the downing of parents, teachers, and guardians; the younger girl, aged five, industrious and cynical. The wounded soldier was too ill and too tired to contribute much to the talk. After a while the barrow business looked up again, and the non-barrow pupils became skilled enough to work alone at home, so my little back room was left empty. I let it as a lodging.

My first lodger was Albert, nephew of Monsieur Jacques, also in the antique chair trade. His tenancy was short, owing to the fact that from the first he was wanted both by the military authorities and the civil police. Finally he disappeared with some nimbleness. Monsieur Jacques maintained a neutral silence on the subject of his errant relative, but Albert's mother, who was English, called to ask why the Shop (myself and partner) hadn't put the police on him right away, for—"Though I see it as per'aps shouldn't, Elbert's the most evil chap this side of the Mile End Road." She seemed to be rather unlucky in her children, for she came shortly afterwards to ask the Shop's advice as to what she should do with her daughter, aged fifteen, who, after "pushing in" the parental eye, had disappeared. The Shop judiciously asked what had been the girl's provocation. It appeared that the mother had simply threatened to lather her, calling her a —, and had forbidden her to set her foot inside the door again. The Shop withheld advice.

In the meantime the little back room was occupied by Miss Elizabeth M., a spinster with an almost alarmingly respectable past. Her present, however, was of a different character, and I first made her acquaintance at a time when, inspired by secret

brandy, she had stormed my Shop, and played havoc with my property and my partner, who, being a cripple, had not been able adequately to defend herself. Miss M., on emerging from the lock-up, regretted this accident very deeply, and at her request I prevailed upon her former employer to pay for a six months' visit to a Salvation Army inebriate home. On the day of her release from this excellent institution she celebrated the occasion by giving a little party to herself and a bottle of gin, after which she renewed the attack upon my Shop. But this time I was there. The noise of the argument between the Shop and its caller drew quite a crowd to the window. The argument ended when we put Miss M. to sleep it off on the floor of my back room. When she woke up, sad and sober, she and I decided that she should be the next occupant of the little room, to see if its atmosphere helped her at all. It did not. She was drunk daily, although the Shop tried to distract her mind with lightsome talk whenever it saw her in the act of disappearing to the "London Apprentice." I called on the Salvation Army. A saint in navy blue told me that I was "one of little faith," which indeed I was, in the circumstances. The saint received the sinner again, albeit with arms a shade less open than before. As Miss M. disappeared, she winked behind the saint's back. The latest news of her is not inspiring. She sent for me to visit her in a Workhouse Infirmary; she said that she was now saved, and was it true that the price of spirits had gone up again "outside."

I forget the name of the next applicant for my back room, but I remember her face. I did not understand her expression and I did not understand her tactics. I did not like either very much. I never asked for references from lodgers, but this lady sprinkled me with little bits of paper informing me of the address of parsons and district visitors, none of whom, on being appealed to, could produce any information about her. Her explanation that they might have known her under other aliases did not seem to strengthen her case much. Again, I only asked for a very small rent, but the mysterious applicant, bent on arousing my interest, showed me a little dirty bag containing thirty pounds in gold, which she wore attached to her neck. There was, of course, no gold in circulation in England then, and I tried to enlist the hoard in the war savings' service, but to no avail. While I was still wondering whether I would place my innocent little room at the mercy of one so mysterious, she began to move her furniture in. Among the rest of the furniture a husband, hitherto unmentioned, was in-

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stalled. I protested against the secret and crooked appearance of these proceedings. Although she tried to reassure me by pointing out the happily impermanent nature of her domestic ties, I declined to be her landlady. I even turned the first detachment of her property out on to the sidewalk. She moved it back into the room. I removed it again. It was a battle of wills. Lodger and landlady wore a strong silent look about the house for some days, and then a stormy interview ended the transaction.

My next lodger was a boy called Willy, aged sixteen, sent to the Shop by his employer who wanted to keep him out of the clutches of an undesirable mother. Willy paid his rent regularly, kept early hours, and seemed to be the ideal lodger. Then the Shop broke up for its vacation, leaving Willy a little money-box to put his rent into every Saturday. The day before the Shop was due to resume business I received a courteous, if involved, letter from Willy, asking what he should do about the two families of kittens with which the Shop cats were apparently about to be blessed, as he himself was leaving before my return, taking with him the money-box for safety. I came back to find the back room empty but for a welter of starving cats and newborn kittens. Neither Willy nor the money-box was ever seen again.

I then let the room to a lady called—apparently—Mrs. Mum. The name sounded somehow unlikely, but as she could not write, and could not remember ever having seen the name written, we had to take it on trust. She was a young broadfaced smiling person, with a laugh of stunning volume, and a two year old son called Charley. Charley had one joke. Like other humorists similarly situated, he was helpless until somebody paved the way to his joke. Prompted by Mrs. Mum, the accommodating friend would say—"Why, Charley, where's your Daddy?" The reply, delivered in a succulent and triumphant voice was—"Killing bluggy Germans." Mr. Mum I never met, but I acquired a sympathetic interest in him when I discovered that Mrs. Mum's behavior was modeled on the maxim that "a man in the hand is worth two at the Front." By unrelenting effort the Shop managed to keep the image of the absent Mum fresh before his wife's eye for six weeks, and then she and Charley eloped with a more accessible admirer, after punctiliously paying their rent.

My last lodger, the one who even now occupies the back room, has also been the most difficult. I have known Dolly D. for some years and she has this summer reached the age of sixteen. To call her half-witted would be perhaps unfair. Three-

fifths witted might be a juster estimate. Most dogs can boast a better home life than that which the D. family enjoys. They lived six in one room, before Dolly left them. The father is never sober to my knowledge—or perhaps he is sometimes, during sleep. The mother, although by incessant and heart-breaking work she manages to support her family on fifteen shillings a week (nearly four dollars), the fruit of painting toys with more or less unhealthy paint, is not really in full possession of her intellect. Dolly was never a worker. "Somehow," she says, "I'd just as soon do nothing as work," a not uncommon feeling, which most of us occasionally try to overcome. Dolly had for the last two years possessed a young man, said to be as much as eighteen years old. I had thought him rather a fine boy, and had felt secretly sorry that romance should draw him along such an unpromising path.

In due course Dolly "got into trouble." Her father, apparently feeling that he had given his children enough advantages to justify him in high expectations, righteously turned his daughter into the street. She moved into my back room without any possessions except two little framed seaside views. Such additional luxuries as clothes and a bed were left to the Shop to provide. It met the emergency by begging from its aunts. But on the subject of Dolly's future the Shop was for once divided against itself. My plan was that she should remain, a spinster, in seclusion in the back room until the "trouble" culminated in the hospital round the corner. But my partner was determined that Dolly should marry her boy, in spite of the fact that years of discretion and the normal allowance of wits were both obviously lacking. Dolly and the boy had no views on the subject, but after a few talks with a large number of neighbors, they did save up for a license, and, with the help of a few lies about their age, they got married. Immediately after the ceremony the boy broke to us the news that his real age was sixteen, and that he was only employed as

a Boy Round The Docks, a profession not conspicuous for its opportunities of advancement. The effort of getting married seemed to be too much for them. The husband at least now shows some energy in playing marbles with his friends on the sidewalk, but Dolly, though in good health, cannot even muster up enough vitality to enable her to hem the borders of necessary provisions laid in by the Shop against her future. She will not do up her hair or even dress herself, except in two sacks and a little string. The local authorities have offered her free meals, but Dolly would rather starve than dress up in her new Shop-provided

clothes and walk two blocks to a good meal. The boy brings home a bloater at night, when his earnings run to it.

When I said good-bye to Dolly, on leaving my Shop, she looked like a cave-dweller, wrapped in shapeless things and with her matted hair about her eyes. But I doubt if the cave-dweller would appreciate the comparison; after all he was progressive enough, in his own way. The march of civilization is not a particularly well organized procession; sometimes it almost seems as if the stragglers outnumber those who keep in step. At any rate, in

the Brown Borough most of us are content to linger on the long road, even though it be dark, and though there be no lights to lead us, and no flowers to make lingering worth while. In the van of the march the music brays confidently, wearying the ears of heaven with its brazen boastings of progress, but no echo of that music reaches us or cheers us, strung out wearily as we are along the forgotten miles.

Perhaps Heaven only hears the boasting, perhaps Heaven has washed its hands of us, perhaps after all we are but dirt and deserve nothing better.

STELLA BENSON.

## Service Accounting

THE TIME was, before America went into the war, and even as late as the day of the armistice, when to have the word democracy in a convenient place in one's vocabulary was as good as to be a democrat and do democratic things—and of course easier. This is not a blow at a President who is already busy enough dodging brickbats; it is the truth about all of us, all the idealists, all the dreamers, all the talkers and theorists, all the politicians, all the *a priori* reasoners, all the Aunt Plessingtons, Theodore Roosevelts, Woodrow Wilsons, Charles Edward Russells, Trotskys and Lenins, the whole tribe, from light pink to violent red, who have been going into the silence to produce a theory and coming out of the silence to foist it upon an unregenerate civilization. The world has been full of talkers and disputants, without dirt on their hands or grease on the knees of their trousers, and without any conception of the infinite complexities in which the wheels of production revolve. The attempt has been to apply ideas to industry instead of finding out what ideas industry has been generating within itself. Democracy has been treated as a qualitative thing, whereas the only way to make democratic progress under the machine system is obviously to apply quantitative methods. What are the statistics of democracy, in dollars, hours, and units of product? Does it run counter to the machine system or in harmony with it? Does the machine system, which is a blind instrument of production, tend of itself to breed democracy? If it does not the theories and the dreams will be of little avail.

These reflections are induced by the reading of H. L. Gantt's little volume on *Organizing for Work* with which a new publishing house (Harcourt, Brace and Howe) has made a promising debut. Mr. Gantt began by being, not a democrat,

but first a manufacturer and then a production engineer. His theories are the residuum of workaday experience. He has an insatiable yearning for production; idle machines or men, inefficient foremen and superintendents, wasteful methods in any department are his nightmares. If democracy in industry meant fumbling, confusion, and waste Mr. Gantt would be against it. Like Emerson and Taylor he preaches efficiency; and he is more concerned in proving that efficiency is democratic than that democracy is efficient. Yet he does both. In him and his increasing group of followers and—if the word is permitted, parallelers—the two schools which were parted at the time of the French revolution come together again. Handicraft bred its defenders of human rights, who were, after all, defenders of efficiency; now machine industry has done the same. The instinct of workmanship and the instinct to be free, responsible, and self-respecting are again shown how to run in team.

The reader of this little treatise will understand it better if he realizes that in going through it he is exactly reversing the mental processes of the man who wrote it. Mr. Gantt literally arrived, by way of shop, factory, and cost sheet, at his conclusions; the reader, perforce, must set out from them. What might be dogmatism in a theorist is a matter of accurate measurement with Gantt. The first principle is neither new nor complex; it is simply that "reward should be dependent solely upon the service rendered." Here is a sentiment with which an orator may win applause from any audience, but as a sentiment it is worth even a little less than nothing. The Gantt method of industrial management consists of an accurate and really effective system of applying it. When Gantt has charted a factory or an industry he knows, and everyone who can read a series of simple

charts knows, exactly how much every workman, every machine, every department, and if necessary every factory is doing, exactly how this compares with what each ought to be doing, and exactly how large a price ought legitimately to be charged against the product. His system enables those who use it to sort out the serviceable from the unserviceable. In so doing he puts a finger on the crucial point in the price problem. "The business man cannot continue to get big rewards unless he renders a corresponding amount of service." More than that—and this is where pure doctrine enters into the argument—he cannot rightly receive any reward whatever for services not rendered. If he is unable to make use of more than one-third of his factory he may not ethically charge the consumer with the overhead charges on the other two-thirds.

Our cost accounting system, to meet the present and future emergency, must not content itself with charging to the product all expenses, but must charge to the product only that expense that helped to produce it, and must show the expenses that did not produce anything, and their causes.

This sounds harsh. Shall not the Steel Corporation, running at two-thirds of its capacity, take from the consumer the cost of maintaining the other one-third in idleness? Can it remain solvent if it does not? Perhaps not, replies Mr. Gantt. If not let it perish of its own incompetence. Let us at least not reward incompetence by permitting men to capitalize and draw dividends from it. The rule is summed up as follows:

The indirect expense chargeable to the output of a factory should bear the same ratio to the indirect expense necessary to run the factory at normal capacity as the output in question bears to the normal output of the factory.

If this were his sole contribution Mr. Gantt would have to be added to the innumerable army of worthy but rarely effective critics who have made the fairly easy discovery that the present system of production and distribution is immoral. But his belief that it is wrong to reward those who have rendered no service is secondary to his discovery that most men like to render service and can be shown how to do so, and his evolution of a technique which can be but hinted at in a small book and only mentioned in a few paragraphs. It might be called service accounting, and on it something like that system of earned rewards of which all social reformers have dreamed might be made to rest. Even within the limits of this present and not nearly perfect generation it could easily furnish security and prosperity for the factory owner with faith

enough to apply it; indeed it has done so. Restriction of output is not a problem for Mr. Gantt. Workingmen in factories where his system has been installed do not diminish their product as their wages are increased. He says:

With an efficient management there is but little difficulty in training the workmen to be efficient. I have proved this many times and so clearly that there can be absolutely no doubt about it. Our most serious trouble is incompetency in high places. As long as that remains uncorrected no amount of efficiency in the workmen will avail very much.

Pursued to its logical limit service accounting scrutinizes not merely every factory but the relations between factories and between all the elements in production, and it will weigh even institutions on its terribly exacting scales. The scientific credit system "must not only be able to finance those who have ownership, but also those who have productive capacity, which is vastly more important." The rights of property must justify themselves (and there is no saying they will not), or, presto! there will be no rights of property. Privilege must be abolished, since it is in every case the privilege to be incompetent, or, which comes to the same thing, non-productive.

The necessity in this instance is not political but economic. That nation which produces most has the best chance for survival. If democracy is efficient and efficiency is democratic that nation which is most democratic will have the best chance of survival. Here, if Mr. Gantt's conclusions are sound, is a new iron law. It is not a moral code. "Unless it can be shown," he declares, "that a business system which has a social purpose is distinctly more beneficial to those who control than one which has not a social purpose I frankly confess that there does not seem to be any permanent answer in sight." But:

We have proved in many places that the doctrine of service which has been preached in the churches as religion is not only good economics and eminently practical, but, because of the increased production of goods obtained by it, promises to lead us safely through the maze of confusion into which we seem to be headed, and to give us that industrial democracy which alone can afford a basis for industrial peace.

Others beside Mr. Gantt are upon the trail of these conclusions, though few have set forth so clearly all their implications. What if this be the destined way of progress, sure, steady, and almost independent of political revolutions and counter-revolutions? For men will not be enslaved under the machine system if the machines can be operated efficiently only when they are free.

ROBERT L. DUFFUS.



## *Bolshevism and the Vested Interests in America*

### I. ON THE DANGER OF A REVOLUTIONARY OVERTURN

**B**OLSHEVISM IS A MENACE to the vested rights of property and privilege. Therefore the guardians of the Vested Interests have been thrown into a state of Red trepidation by the continued functioning of Soviet Russia and the continual outbreaks of the same Red distemper elsewhere on the continent of Europe. It is feared, with a nerve-shattering fear, that the same Red distemper of Bolshevism must presently infect the underlying population in America and bring on an overturn of the established order, so soon as the underlying population are in a position to take stock of the situation and make up their mind to a course of action. The situation is an uneasy one, and it contains the elements of much trouble; at least such appears to be the conviction of the Guardians of the established order. Something of the kind is felt to be due, on the grounds of the accomplished facts. So it is feared, with a nerve-shattering fear, that anything like uncolored information as to the facts in the case and anything like a free popular discussion of these facts must logically result in disaster. Hence all this unseemly trepidation.

The Guardians of the Vested Interests, official and quasi-official, have allowed their own knowledge of this sinister state of things to unseat their common sense. The run of the facts has jostled them out of the ruts, and they have gone in for a headlong policy of clamor and repression, to cover and suppress matters of fact and to shut off discussion and deliberation. And all the while the Guardians are also feverishly at work on a mobilization of such forces as may hopefully be counted on to "keep the situation in hand" in case the expected should happen. The one manifestly conclusive resolution to which the Guardians of the Vested Interests have come is that the underlying population is to be "kept in hand," in the face of any contingency. Their one settled principle of conduct appears to be, to stick at nothing; in all of which, doubtless, the Guardians mean well.

Now, the Guardians of the Vested Interests are presumably wise in discountenancing any open discussion or any free communication of ideas and opinions. It could lead to nothing more comfortable than popular irritation and distrust. The Vested Interests are known to have been actively concerned in the prosecution of the War, and there is no lack of evidence that their spokesmen

have been heard in the subsequent counsels of the Peace. And, no doubt, the less that is known and said about the doings of the Vested Interests during the War and after, the better both for the public tranquility and for the continued growth and profit of the Vested Interests. Yet it is not to be overlooked that facts of such magnitude and of such urgent public concern as the manoeuvres of the Vested Interests during the War and after can not be altogether happily covered over with a conspiracy of silence. Something like a middle course of temperate publicity should have seemed more to the point. It may be unfortunate, but it is none the less unavoidable, that something appreciable is bound to come to light; that is to say, something sinister.

It should be plain to all good citizens who have the cause of law and order at heart that in such a case a more genial policy of conciliatory promises and procrastination will be more to the purpose than any noisy recourse to the strong arm and the Star Chamber. A touch of history, and more particularly of contemporary history, would have given the Guardians a touch of sanity. Grown wise in all the ways and means of blamelessly defeating the unblest majority, the gentlemanly government of the British manage affairs of this kind much better. They have learned that bellicose gestures provoke ill will, and that desperate remedies should be held in reserve until needed. Whereas the Guardians of the Vested Interests in America are plainly putting things in train for a capital operation, for which there is no apparent necessity. It should be evident of slight reflection that things have not reached that fateful stage where nothing short of a capital operation can be counted on to save the life of the Vested Interests in America; not yet. And indeed, things need assuredly not reach such a stage if reasonable measures are taken to avoid undue alarm and irritation. All that is needed to keep the underlying population of America in a sweet temper is a degree of patient ambiguity and delay, something after the British pattern, and all will yet be well with the vested rights of property and privilege, for some time to come.

History teaches that no effectual popular uprising can be set afoot against an outworn institutional iniquity unless it effectually meets the special mate-



rial requirements of the situation which provokes it; nor on the other hand can an impending popular overturn be staved off without making up one's account with those material conditions which converge to bring it on. The long history of British gentlemanly compromise, collusion, conciliation, and popular defeat, is highly instructive on that head. And it should be evident to any disinterested person, on any slight survey of the pertinent facts, that the situation in America does not now offer such a combination of circumstances as would be required for any effectual overturn of the established order or any forcible dispossession of these Vested Interests that now control the material fortunes of the American people. In short, by force of circumstances, Bolshevism is not a present menace to the Vested Interests in America; provided always that the Guardians of these Vested Interests do not go out of their way to precipitate trouble by such measures as will make Bolshevism of any complexion seem the lesser evil,—which is perhaps not a safe proviso, in view of the hysterically Red state of mind of the Guardians.

No movement for the dispossession of the Vested Interests in America can hope for even a temporary success unless it is undertaken by an organization which is competent to take over the country's productive industry as a whole, and to administer it from the start on a more efficient plan than that now pursued by the Vested Interests; and there is no such organization in sight or in immediate prospect. The nearest approach to a practicable organization of industrial forces in America, just yet, is the A. F. of L.; which need only be named in order to dispel the illusion that there is anything to hope or fear in the way of a radical move at its hands. The A. F. of L. is itself one of the Vested Interests, as ready as any other to do battle for its own margin of privilege and profit. At the same time it would be a wholly chimerical fancy to believe that such an organization of workmen as the A. F. of L. could take over and manage any appreciable section of the industrial system, even if their single-minded interest in special privileges for themselves did not preclude their making a move in that direction. The Federation is not organized for production but for bargaining. It is not organized on lines that would be workable for the management of any industrial system as a whole or of any special line of production within such a system. It is, in effect, an organization for the strategic defeat of employers and rival organizations, by recourse to enforced unemployment and obstruction; not for the production of goods and services. And it is officered by tacticians, skilled in the ways and means

of bargaining with politicians and intimidating employers and employees; not by men who have any special insight into or interest in the ways and means of quantity production and traffic management. They are not, and for their purpose they need not be, technicians in any conclusive sense,—and the fact should not be lost sight of that any effectual overturn, of the kind hazily contemplated by the hysterical officials, will always have to be primarily a technical affair.

In effect, the Federation is officered by safe and sane politicians, and its rank and file are votaries of "the full dinner-pail." No Guardian need worry about the Federation, and there is no other organization in sight which differs materially from the Federation in those respects which would count toward a practical move in the direction of a popular overturn,—unless a doubtful exception should be claimed for the Railroad Brotherhoods. The A. F. of L. is a business organization with a vested interest of its own; for keeping up prices and keeping down the supply, quite after the usual fashion of management by the other Vested Interests; not for managing productive industry or even for increasing the output of goods produced under any management. At the best, its purpose and ordinary business is to gain a little something for its own members at a more than proportionate cost to the rest of the community; which does not afford either the spiritual or the material ground for a popular overturn.

Nor is it the A. F. of L. or the other organizations for "collective bargaining" that come in for the comfortless attentions of the officials and of the many conspiracies in restraint of sobriety. Their nerve-shattering fears center rather on those irresponsible wayfaring men of industry who make up the I. W. W., and on the helpless and hapless alien unbelievers whose contribution to the sum total is loose talk in some foreign tongue. But if there is any assertion to be made without fear of stumbling it will be, that this flotsam of industry is not organized to take over the highly technical duties involved in the administration of the industrial system. But it is these and their like that engage the best attention of the many commissions, committees, clubs, leagues, federations, syndicates, and corporations for the chasing of wild geese under the Red flag.

Wherever the mechanical industry has taken decisive effect, as in America and in the two or three industrialized regions of Europe, the community lives from hand to mouth, in such a way that its livelihood depends on the effectual working

of its industrial system from day to day. In such a case a serious disturbance and derangement of the balanced process of production is always easily brought on, and it always brings immediate hardship on large sections of the community. Indeed, it is this state of things—the ease with which industry can be deranged and hardship can be brought to bear on the people at large—that constitutes the chief asset of such partisan organizations as the A. F. of L. It is a state of things which makes sabotage easy and effectual and gives it breadth and scope. But sabotage is not revolution. If it were, then the A. F. of L., the I. W. W., the Chicago Packers, and the U. S. Senate would be counted among the revolutionists.

Far-reaching sabotage, that is to say derangement of the industrial system, such as to entail hardship on the community at large or on some particular section of it, is easily brought to bear in any country that is dominated by the mechanical industry. It is commonly resorted to by both parties in any controversy between the businesslike employers and the employees. It is, in fact, an everyday expedient of business, and no serious blame attaches to its ordinary use. Under given circumstances, as, e. g., under the circumstances just now created by the return of peace, such derangement of industry and hindrance of production is an unavoidable expedient of "business as usual." And derangement of the same nature is also commonly resorted to as a means of coercion in any attempted movement of overturn. It is the simple and obvious means of initiating any revolutionary disturbance in any industrial or commercialized country. But under the existing industrial conditions, if it is to achieve even a transient success, any such revolutionary movement of reconstruction must also be in a position from the outset to overcome any degree of initial derangement in industry, whether of its own making or not, and to do constructive work of that particular kind which is called for by the present disposition of industrial forces and by the present close dependence of the community's livelihood on the due systematic working of these industrial forces. To take effect and to hold its own even for the time being, any movement of overturn must from beforehand provide for a sufficiently productive conduct of the industrial system on which the community's material welfare depends, and for a competent distribution of goods and services throughout the community. Otherwise, under existing industrial conditions, nothing more can be accomplished than an ephemeral disturbance and a transient season of accentuated hardship. Even a transient failure to make good in the management of the industrial system must immedi-

ately defeat any movement of overturn in any of the advanced industrial countries. At this point the lessons of history fail, because the present industrial system and the manner of close-knit community life enforced by this industrial system have no example in history.

This state of things, which so conditions the possibility of any revolutionary overturn, is peculiar to the advanced industrial countries; and the limitations which this state of things imposes are binding within these countries in the same measure in which these peoples are dominated by the system of mechanical industry. In contrast with this state of things, the case of Soviet Russia may be cited to show the difference. As compared with America and much of western Europe, Russia is not an industrialized region, in any decisive sense; although Russia, too, leans on the mechanical industry in a greater degree than is commonly recognized. Indeed, so considerable is the dependence of the Russians on the mechanical industry that it may yet prove to be the decisive factor in the struggle which is now going on between Soviet Russia and the Allied Powers.

Now, it is doubtless this continued success of the Soviet administration in Russia that has thrown this ecstatic scare into the Guardians of the Vested Interests in America and in the civilized countries of Europe. There is nothing to be gained by denying that the Russian Soviet has achieved a measure of success; indeed, an astonishing measure of success, considering the extremely adverse circumstances under which the Soviet has been at work. The fact may be deplored, but there it is. The Soviet has plainly been successful, in the material respect, far beyond the reports which have been allowed to pass the scrutiny of the Seven Censors and the Associated Prevarication Bureaux of the Allied Powers. And this continued success of Bolshevism in Russia—or such measure of success as it has achieved—is doubtless good ground for a reasonable degree of apprehension among good citizens elsewhere; but it does not by any means argue that anything like the same measure of success could be achieved by a revolutionary movement on the same lines in America, even in the absence of intervention from outside.

Soviet Russia has made good to the extent of maintaining itself against very great odds for some two years; and it is even yet a point in doubt whether the Allied Powers will be able to put down the Soviet by use of all the forces at their disposal and with the help of all the reactionary elements in Russia and in the neighboring countries. But the Soviet owes this measure of success to the fact that

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the Russian people have not yet been industrialized in anything like the same degree as their western neighbors. They have in great measure been able to fall back on an earlier, simpler, less close-knit plan of productive industry; such that any detailed part of this loose-knit Russian community is able, at a pinch, to draw its own livelihood from its own soil by its own work, without that instant and unremitting dependence on materials and wrought goods drawn from foreign ports and distant regions, that is characteristic of the advanced industrial peoples. This old fashioned plan of home production does not involve an "industrial system" in the same exacting sense as the mechanical industry. The Russian industrial system, it is true, also runs on something of a balanced plan of give and take; it leans on the mechanical industry in some considerable degree and draws on foreign trade for many of its necessary articles of use; but for the transient time being, and for an appreciable interval of time, such a home-bred industrious population, living close to the soil and supplying its ordinary needs by home-bred handicraft methods, will be able to maintain itself in a fair state of efficiency if not in comfort, even in virtual isolation from the more advanced industrial centers and from the remoter sources of raw materials. To the ignorant,—that is to say, to the wisecracks of commerce,—this ability of the Russian people to continue alive and active under the conditions of an exemplary blockade has been a source of incredulous astonishment.

It is only as a fighting power, and then only for the purposes of an aggressive war, that such a community can count for virtually nothing in a contest with the advanced industrial nations. Such a people makes an unwieldy country to conquer from the outside. Soviet Russia is self-supporting, in a loose and comfortless way, and in this sense it is a very defensible country and may yet prove extremely difficult for the Allied Powers to subdue; but in the nature of the case there need be not the slightest shadow of apprehension that Soviet Russia can successfully take the offensive against any outside people, great or small, which has the use of the advanced mechanical industry.

The statesmen of the Allied Powers, who are now carrying on a covert war against Soviet Russia, are in a position to know this state of the case; and not least those American statesmen, who have by popular sentiment been constrained reluctantly to limit and mask their cooperation with the reactionary forces in Finland, Poland, the Ukraine, Siberia, and elsewhere. They have all been at pains diligently to inquire into the state of things in Soviet Russia; although, it is true, they have also been at pains to

give out surprisingly little information,—that being much of the reason for the Seven Censors. The well-published official and semi-official apprehension of a Bolshevik offensive to be carried on beyond the Soviet frontiers may quite safely be set down as an article of statesmanlike subterfuge. The statesmen know better. What is feared in fact is infection of the Bolshevik spirit beyond the Soviet frontiers, to the detriment of those Vested Interests whose guardians these statesmen are. And on this head the apprehensions of these Elder Statesmen are not altogether groundless; for the Elder Statesmen are also in a position to know, without much inquiry, that there is no single spot or corner in civilized Europe or America where the underlying population would have anything to lose by such an overturn of the established order as would cancel the vested rights of privilege and property, whose guardians they are.

But commercialized America is not the same thing as Soviet Russia. By and large, America is an advanced industrial country, bound in the web of a fairly close-knit and inclusive industrial system. The industrial situation, and therefore the conditions of success, are radically different in the two countries in those respects that would make the outcome in any effectual revolt. So that, for better or worse, the main lines that would necessarily have to be followed in working out any practicable revolutionary movement in this country are already laid down by the material conditions of its productive industry. On provocation there might come a flare of riotous disorder, but it would come to nothing, however substantial the provocation might be, so long as the movement does not fall in with those main lines of management which the state of the industrial system requires in order to insure any sustained success. These main lines of revolutionary strategy are lines of technical organization and industrial management; essentially lines of industrial engineering; such as will fit the organization to take care of the highly technical industrial system that constitutes the indispensable material foundation of any modern civilized community. They will accordingly not only be of a profoundly different order from what may do well enough in the case of such a loose-knit and backward industrial region as Russia, but they will necessarily also be of a kind which has no close parallel in the past history of revolutionary movements. Revolutions in the eighteenth century were military and political; and the Elder Statesmen who now believe themselves to be making history still believe that revolutions can be made and unmade by the same ways and means in the twentieth century. But any substantial



or effectual overturn in the twentieth century will necessarily be an industrial overturn; and by the same token, any twentieth-century revolution can be combated or neutralized only by industrial ways and means. The case of America, therefore, considered as a candidate for Bolshevism, will have to be argued on its own merits, and the argument will necessarily turn on the ways and means of productive industry as conditioned by the later growth of technology.

It has been argued, and it seems not unreasonable to believe, that the established order of business enterprise, vested rights, and commercialized nationalism, is due presently to go under in a muddle of shame and confusion, because it is no longer a practicable system of industrial management under the conditions created by the later state of the industrial arts. Twentieth-century technology has outgrown the eighteenth-century system of vested rights. The experience of the past few years teaches that the usual management of industry by business methods has become highly inefficient and wasteful, and the indications are many and obvious that any businesslike control of production and distribution is bound to run more and more consistently at cross purposes with the community's livelihood, the farther the industrial arts advance and the wider the industrial system extends. So that it is perhaps not reasonably to be questioned that the Vested Interests in business are riding for a fall. But the end is not yet; although it is to be admitted, regretfully perhaps, that with every further advance in technological knowledge and practice and with every further increase in the volume and complexity of the industrial system, any businesslike control is bound to grow still more incompetent, irrelevant, and impertinent.

It would be quite hazardous to guess, just yet, how far off that consummation of commercial imbecility may be. There are those who argue that the existing system of business management is plainly due to go under within two years' time; and there are others who are ready, with equal confidence, to allow it a probable duration of several times that interval; although, it is true, these latter appear, on the whole, to be persons who are less intimately acquainted with the facts in the case. Many men experienced in the larger affairs of industrial business are in doubt as to how long things will hold together. But, one with another, these men who so are looking into the doubtful future are, somewhat apprehensively, willing to admit that there is yet something of a margin to go on; so much so that, barring accident, there should seem to be no war-

rant for counting at all confidently on a disastrous breakdown of the business system within anything like a two-year period. And, for the reassurance of the apprehensive Guardian of the Vested Interests, it is to be added that should such a break in the situation come while things are standing in their present shape, the outcome could assuredly not be an effectual overturn of the established order; so long as no practicable plan has been provided for taking over the management from the dead hand of the Vested Interests. Should such a self-made breakdown come at the present juncture, the outcome could, in fact, scarcely be anything more serious than an interval, essentially transient though more or less protracted, of turmoil and famine among the underlying population, together with something of a setback to the industrial system as a whole. There seems no reason to apprehend any substantial disallowance of the vested rights of property to follow from such an essentially ephemeral interlude of disension. In fact, the tenure of the Vested Interests in America should seem to be reasonably secure, just yet.

Something in the nature of riotous discontent and factional disorder is perhaps to be looked for in the near future in this country, and there may even be some rash gesture of revolt on the part of ill-advised malcontents. Circumstances would seem to favor something of the kind. It is conservatively estimated that there is already a season of privation and uncertainty in prospect for the underlying population, which could be averted only at the cost of some substantial interference with the vested rights of the country's business men,—which should seem a highly improbable alternative, in view of that spirit of filial piety with which the public officials guard the prerogatives of business as usual. So, e. g., it is now (September, 1919) confidently expected, or rather computed, that a fuel famine is due in America during the approaching winter, for reasons of sound business management; and it is likewise to be expected that for the like reason the American transportation system is also due to go into a tangle of congestion and idleness about the same time—barring providential intervention in the way of unexampled weather conditions. But a season of famine and disorderly conduct does not constitute a revolutionary overturn of the established order; and the Vested Interests are secure in their continued usufruct of the country's industry, just yet.

This hopeful posture of things may be shown convincingly enough and with no great expenditure of argument. To this end it is proposed to pursue the argument somewhat further presently; by de-

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scribing in outline what are the infirmities of the regime of the Vested Interests, which the more sanguine malcontents count on to bring that regime to an inglorious finish in the immediate future; and also to set down, likewise in outline, what would

have to be the character of any organization of industrial forces which could be counted on effectually to wind up the regime of the Vested Interests and take over the management of the industrial system on a deliberate plan.

THORSTEIN VEBLEN.

## Two Solitudes

JEAN DE BOUSSCHERE is one who makes illimitable demands. But he exercises the same high discernment, the same strict excellence, in the magic of his gifts. Both are to be found in his *L'Offre de Plebs*. The poem is a dialogue between the Misanthrope and Plebs, who comes to make his "offre unique," "mon offrande substantielle, c'est l'ami." But the Misanthrope rejects him. Plebs promises all things: here is a friend who is a virgin and an atheist, who is faithful ("dix années il eut un ami,") a friend who will be the Poet's slave. But the Poet, the Misanthrope, laughs with rage. And Solitude, who knows the heart of the Misanthrope, tells Plebs that he has lost. "Ton masque est plus cruel que mon panier!" says Solitude. The Misanthrope has the last word:

Je ne veux pas d'un esclave;  
Je veux qu'il ait un Dieu.  
Il faut que cela soit moi.  
Je veux d'un ami qui soit un Dieu.  
Et qu'il goûte des mêmes herbes que moi,  
Et qu'il trempe ses mains au même sang,  
Je veux qu'il me suive;  
Et qu'il embrasse ma tête coupée.

Here is the inexorable perfection which genius demands. It is the cry of every artist. It is the simple, unanswerable desire of the seekers after reality in all its manifolds.

The war, shaking to their roots the realities of our familiar life, stirred this ancient impulse. Contemporary poetry is loud with the clamor for its satisfaction. Any preoccupation with impermanence is rather an acknowledgment of devastating change than of delight in some frivolity or lament over a single lost beauty. Examine the recent work of such various men as Sandburg, Hueffer, and Aiken. These are individual and significant figures; each represents not only a personal reaction but a distinct poetic tenor. Each dwells, with more or less passion and intensity, upon the escaping actualities of our life, upon the recurrent tides of war and empire, upon the vivid moment which dies in the hand that captures it.

Those who stood aloof from the war, in the sense that they were involved in a personal struggle against it as bitter and disillusioning as any horrors of the trenches, were peculiarly fit to sympathize

with de Bousschere's Misanthrope. Bertrand Russell's philosophic detachment, Eugene Debs' isolated rebellion, however remote from the literary quarrels of the esthetes, yet bear a definite relation to the loneliness of him who wants a friend who is God, who declares with Solitude:

Ne parle pas d'un homme qui ne soit beau,  
Ni d'un homme moins pur qu'une fleur fermée,  
Ni moins souverain que l'image d'un palmier dans le désert.

Something of this detachment, this rebellion, is expressed by James Oppenheim in his latest volume, *The Solitary*. The book is dedicated to Randolph Bourne, and more than a hint of this bitter-sweet anthem of death is to be savored in all the poems that follow. It will be remembered that the dedication appeared in *THE DIAL* for January 11, 1919; it is fairly typical, in its achieved lyricism, as well as in its striving after an authenticity that Oppenheim's too wistful rhythms barely evade.

In his always engaging, if curiously uneven, output this poet is distinguished by three dominating interests. From the beginning, the ideal of democracy fascinated him. It is present even in the banal stories of his altruistic youth. His vision of it clarified and deepened, as did his feeling for the work he was doing; until the social worker emerges into the passionate propagandist, and the preacher into the poet. How far his democratic sympathies led him toward Whitman, how far his adoration of that barbaric yawper fired the flame of his democracy, is not clear. Certainly the two currents flowing together fed the stream of his poetic impulse. The second obvious influence is the rich Hebraic imagery in which he is steeped, and the more complete his surrender to it, the more glorious is his poetic fervor. Finally, but of enormous importance in any consideration of his development, is Oppenheim's absolute capitulation to the theories of the psychoanalysts. Among all contemporary American poets, Aiken included, there is perhaps no other so deeply intrigued by the work of Freud and Jung, especially the latter.

Oppenheim's latest book does deviate from this supreme interest. The long opening poem, *The Sea*, which runs to over thirty pages, is a character-

tic reiteration of the Christian, Nietzschean, Freudian doctrine of the lonely conquest, of the loss of the whole world to gain one's own soul, of the Solitary who can become part of the crowd only after he has been apart from it.

Oh loneliness, who has sung your song, who has known  
your dark music?  
Only the stripped soul knows you, only the naked self  
has tasted your salt.

Fluid in its large resurgent rhythms, filled with a richer music than Oppenheim has attained heretofore, this somewhat too didactic poem is one of his finest achievements. The worst charge that can be brought against it is that its author's critical faculty is so unhappily far behind his creative power at its best. In spite of bombastic exaggeration, in spite of passages that astonish by their very dullness, *The Sea* is a fresh interpretation of an old miracle, a moving picture of the Solitary, looking "upward into the abyss":

Standing on two legs against the turning lump of Earth  
With upraised face against the wheeling of the worlds  
in unsheltered night  
I, a man, stand as self-contained and solid in my  
littleness,  
As you, in your vastness.

Of the remaining poems, those contained in the section called *Songs Out of Multitude* hold most worth remembering. The recurrent elements appear here again, most vividly and most powerfully in *The Song of the Uprising*, with its strong echoes out of the *Psalms*. Oppenheim is still the incorrigible optimist, as witness his invocation to *My Land*. His solitude is alive with unhuman voices. He is not really a misanthrope, even though the friend whom he accepts is not the gift of *Plebs*, but rather his own selfhood, vocal and aflame with rhapsodic anticipations.

This invaded and conquered loneliness of his, contrasted with Witter Bynner's *Beloved Stranger*, offers an illuminating paradox. For the latter poet, divorced alike from solitude and multitude in the lover's unique citadel, conveys a stronger sense of the ultimate isolation of the human spirit. The poems which originally appeared in Reedy's *Mirror* as *Songs to an Unknown Lover* have been published under the equally mystic title of *The Beloved Stranger*. It is a commentary on the work of both Oppenheim and Bynner that the titles of their books might have been interchanged with little loss of meaning. The Solitary is nothing if not aware of a *Beloved Stranger*, be it his own soul, or the folk to whom he would confide it. Whereas Bynner's songs are the outcry of that profound solitude which the plummet of love itself only begins to sound.

There has been more or less ironic questioning as to whether his latest work comes from the pen of the author of *Grenstone Poems* or from that of the intransigent Emmanuel Morgan. In fact, what began as an esthetic jest over a ballet program and a cocktail bids fair to conclude as an esthetic program not a little intoxicating. These songs achieve what the Spectrists merrily toyed with. Within strict compass, moving in lyric rhythms, they are like prisms whose colors are the broken lights of the poet's emotion. Metaphors are as false as are generalizations. The quality of these poems is due to the fact that they are not the beautiful, distorted fragments of emotional experience so much as they are concentrated reflections of it.

There are several obvious faults. The images are not seldom so awkward as to be funny:

The look in your eyes  
Was as soft as the underside of soap in a soap-dish . . .

The straining for rhyme spoils or interrupts an otherwise lovely fluency. But these poems are at once incisive and wistful, reminiscent and provocative. Such brief bright ecstasies as *Singing*:

What is this singing that I hear  
Of the sun behind the clouds?  
It is not long before you shall come to me,  
Beloved.  
And that is the singing that I lean to hear  
In my side,  
Where your bird is.

Such stop-short effects as *A Sigh*:

Still must I tamely  
Talk sense with these others?

How long  
Before I shall be with you again,  
Magnificently saying nothing!

Such clear flashes as *Lightning*:

There is a solitude in seeing you,  
Followed by your company when you are gone.  
You are like heaven's veins of lightning.  
I cannot see till afterward  
How beautiful you are.  
There is a blindness in seeing you,  
Followed by the sight of you when you are gone.

These things are luminous evidence not merely of Bynner's firmer touch, and more lucid vision, but of that sense of echoes and overtones, of poignant simplicities and announcing silences, which is the secret of Oriental literature.

Bynner's *Beloved Stranger* may be his lost mistress, or an unknown god. Whoever it is, it is one who gives him the perfection of withheld things. For the sake of that perfection, the artist must remain the Solitary, owning no friend who is not comely, pure as a flower that is shut, and sovereign as a palm tree in the desert.

BABETTE DEUTSCH.

## *Wardom and the State*

THE WAR HAS BEEN brought to an end, but war itself still threatens the remnant of our civilization with extinction. Before any other political problem can be seriously considered we must think through the difficulties which we so blandly neglected in the decades prior to 1914. We cannot rest content with a statesman's "peace" unless we are ready to follow that "peace" to its inevitable conclusion—another statesman's war. Upon this much we are all agreed, and the long shelf of recent books upon the prime problem of internationalism, the peace of the world, points to a preliminary unanimity which at the least is a common anxiety.

But there are as many approaches to this problem as books. Thus Dr. T. J. Lawrence (*The Society of Nations*; Oxford University Press) takes inspiration from the gradual growth of international society on the basis of international law. He sees the League of Nations as an instrument for carrying this process to higher levels of more conscious participation. In the whittling away of independent sovereignty as defined by the Austrians, Mr. W. T. S. Stallybrass (*A Society of States*; Dutton) sees the possibility of establishing genuine cooperation between states. Mathias Erzberger invokes the principle of compulsory arbitration as "the way to the world's peace" (*League of Nations*; Holt). Somewhat nearer to economic fundamentals, H. M. Kallen relies upon the formation of international commissions for commerce, finance, armaments, education, hygiene, undeveloped countries, and labor as the means whereby a league of nations may operate against the sources of conflict (*The League of Nations Today and Tomorrow*; Marshall Jones, Boston).

The conscientious attempt of these representative scholars and publicists to provide constructive ways and means for achieving international comity is wholly admirable. But beneath their several expositions is a common weakness: a refusal to examine the nature of states before discussing the terms of their pacification. They largely deny the efficacy of the statesman's peace, but they are not prepared to question the validity of the statesman's state. Because the state in modern times has been the unit that waged war, the political theorists have uncritically assumed that it is this unit which must be used in erecting the structure of a lasting peace. The League of Nations is to be a league of more or less sovereign states.

It appears that at bottom our publicists have sought the best possible solution of this "quite insoluble and impossible problem,"—given a world

of states to produce a peacedom from their united action. They have been in quest of a legal mechanism which shall absorb the shock of conflict between political institutions ever in danger of collision: they have not sought to establish the sort of political society in which the possibilities of collision would be removed. Peace has meant to the internationalist the absence of warfare in a world community constituted much like the present one. He has failed to see, as William James and Patrick Geddes and Thorstein Veblen have from various angles pointed out, that a society organized like the present one is constitutionally in a state of warfare. What we have ambiguously called peace is only passive wardom.

Now, one of the most potent sources of conflict between states is the nature of the national state itself. It is a limited territorial organization. It arose out of military conquest and perpetuated itself by command over military agencies. It claims the military allegiance of every person born within its frontiers, and it seeks to extend its frontiers in order to gain in military strength by commanding the allegiance of the annexed population. With respect to other nationalities the national state is imperialist, for in order to integrate its own subjects it is compelled to disintegrate lesser nationalities. By a strange paradox, therefore, the national state is inimical to the principle of nationality. Even when the national state concerns itself with the support of commerce and industry, with the encouragement of the arts and sciences, it goes forward with a view to obtaining that mechanical unanimity of purpose which an Eastern observer, Tagore, has found to be the very attribute of Western nationality. Its immigration laws and its tariffs are assertions of exclusiveness. To restrict the free circulation of men and materials and ideas is the jealous privilege of the state, for it can maintain its own sacred union (in the face of an invading pack) only by resisting in times of "peace" those processes that work for generalization and universality. The state seeks to justify its own existence by denying the existence of a common humanity.

The ability to enforce its privacy and exclusiveness by force of arms is the very criterion of statehood. This is what differentiates it from a city, or from an administration district. The inhabitants of Jersey City, for example, could move en masse to the Bronx without stirring New Yorkers to any other activity than speculation in Bronx real estate. Should Tokyo move a single shipload of its citizens



to San Francisco the result would be armed conflict. Thousands of lives would be sacrificed to confirm the principle of sovereign, independent exclusiveness. "Keep yourself to yourself" is the essence of national statehood. It is the antithesis of the counsel of peace: "Be ye members one of another."

It should be now a little clearer what makes the current projects for a League of Nations so abortive. So long as the component national states remain intact, the League can preserve its authority only by promoting the interests of each separate establishment. The partition of unorganized territories by mandataries witnesses this. Nominally the backward regions are to be under the surveillance of the league; actually they have been allotted on the basis of their seizure and occupation by separate national groups, precisely as though no league were to come into existence. Even where the guardian states do not stand greatly to benefit by control (if there is such a case) an equality of trading privileges is granted only to other members of the League. In this case it is plain that if the League have any political reality apart from the constitutions of the Great Powers this international state will have the same characteristics of an exclusive, territorial association. Thus its members eschew to some slight degree the privilege of waging warfare among themselves only for the purpose of obtaining dominion over the rest of mankind. Such a coalition will not rid the world of wardom. The underlying native populations of the subject territories are too large, too self-conscious, too disaffected, and in the end too powerful. Universal peace on such terms would be synonymous with universal exploitation. To break through the obscene crust of such an arrangement the volcanic eruption of war would be a welcome release.

The state, then, is not an instrument adapted to international functions. Not until honesty can be produced in a world of thieves will peacedom be possible in a world of national states. To place reliance upon current diplomatic, military, and governmental agencies to create effective organs of international intercourse and control is to discount our political hopes from the beginning and to put a premium on disappointment. To allow these national establishments free play within a world organization will probably, as a few months of experiment already indicate, only broaden the area of conflict. In so far as the league becomes a working institution it raises again on a large scale the problems of sovereignty and authority, the national aspects of which Mr. Harold J. Laski has so brilliantly analyzed.

Now there are no checks within the organization of the state upon its own powers and dispositions: the American experience with the checks and balance

doctrine is exemplary proof. If we are to find a method of curbing the League from an attempt at world dominion and world exploitation for the benefit of the several great powers we must utilize the same methods in dealing with the international organization as have proved valuable in dealing with the separate national state. We must employ, that is to say, the great industrial, professional, and civic associations deliberately to challenge the sovereignty of the state when it steps outside its purely pacific and administrative sphere. For in the growth of voluntary associations, linking across frontiers, lies the possibility of diminishing the strength of those compulsive military organizations which still, whether in isolation or in alliance, threaten the peace of the world.

These voluntary associations divide into two classes: those that have, and those that do not have economic power. The second kind of association was thriving before the war; it comprised the scientific societies with international affiliations, the institutes of hygiene, medical research, and town planning; and the purely professional associations like those of lawyers, doctors, and so forth. The International Institute of Bibliography at Brussels was naturally deposited by the current of world interests which seemed visibly before 1914 to be bringing about a unity throughout western civilization. With proper encouragement it may yet develop as a world center for scholarly research—a clearing house for the intellectual transactions of mankind. The great universities likewise, through their exchange professorships, were recovering some of that humane cosmopolitanism which characterized them at their best during the Middle Ages. What has been lacking so far is the definite and purposeful attempt to build up a community in thought and purpose which shall run counter to the narrow, partisan, incomplete, and ultimately military purposes of the national state.

Associations for international contact and intercourse are necessary in order to supply a favorable atmosphere in which the economic associations of the first type may function. Among the latter we may place the national trade unions like the British Triple Alliance, international unions like the Amalgamated Ladies' Garment Workers, and consumers' associations of national range like the British and Russian Cooperatives. Within these several kinds of associations, with their deepening international affiliations and their growing realization of power, lies the opportunity for a truly federal world-organization which shall begin with the local production or consumption unit and ramify outward in increasing disregard of formal national boundaries. It is obvious that current national divisions are inimical

to functional economic adjustments. The national state is out of joint with that Great Society whose framework has been erected during the past century. The Belgian worker who commutes every day to a factory in Lille where he works as an alien and retires at night to a village in Belgium where he sleeps as a citizen is surely an anomalous figure: but his position typifies the incongruity of industrial and political facts in the modern world. To abolish fake political divisions is the first step in building up a community in which the development of the arts and sciences of peacedom shall play a greater part than the maintenance of the military unity and the belligerent isolation of the national state.

There is no short cut from the statesman's negative "peace" to the active and positive state of

peacedom. It requires more than a lawyer's covenant: it demands a new civilization. This new civilization must accommodate itself to the technique of the Great Industry. The national State works at cross purposes with the Great Industry, for the reason that it seeks to isolate that which is in fact the joint product of the world community. That is why, albeit the national state is strong, the communities that have already passed beyond national statehood, however incompletely—like the United States and Great Britain—are stronger. That fact will seal in the long run the doom of national states, with their almost rhythmic alterations of passive and active warfare. And in the death of this military organization lies the hope of a new order.

LEWIS MUMFORD.

## *A Moment of the French Mind*

IT IS NOT ONLY THE WORLD that the Great War has divided in two. Its line of flame has cut across time as well as space, and given a new before and after to man's calendar of years. Already the events of a decade or two ago seem far and unfamiliar, and the books have already the quaintness of old-school things. It is presumably not a momentary mood; not merely the reaction to painful stress and to fierce absorption in abnormal aims and activities; not merely the disgust with old civilization through exhaustion of emotion and intelligence in works that negate all civilization, paradoxically undertaken to save civilization. But the war has left us with new values, has created for us new centers of interest, not as yet altogether defined, coming to most of us for the present perhaps chiefly as a sense of estrangement from old values and interests.

This deep division of before and after strikes us too in contemplating the lives of individual men. It has struck me particularly in reading Professor Lewis Piaget Shanks' study of Anatole France (*Open Court, Chicago*), as skilfully devised and as sympathetically written a "how-to-know-him" volume as one need hope for when psychological biography and literary interpretation of seventy long years must be compressed for the reader into twice seventy minutes. The Anatole France of Professor Shanks ends with the outbreak of the war. It is essentially a story of *la vie littéraire*: Anatole France is "the monk of letters." There are Rabelais, Racine, Voltaire, Renan, Leconte de Lisle, Flaubert in his fifty and more volumes—for those wise in such matters a record of the literary forces dominant for the last half of the century in the na-

tion whose name he bore with such symbolic propriety. There are Vergil, Lucian, and Sophocles—with indeed that same passionate response to the classics which so often has marked the Romanticists in letters, to the confusion of critics who have sundered apodictically the classical from the romantic spirit. There is the wistful charm of childhood—essentially, though, of a literary childhood. There is the imaginative preoccupation with bygone ages in bygone crises of culture—the Pagan-Christian, the Medieval, the French Revolution—the delight in psychological reconstruction and artistic exercise. There is the skeptic and the Epicurean, likewise artistically conditioned as artist's matter of art as well as artist's matter of philosophy. There is the satirist of society, who, like Byron in *Don Juan*, mockingly employs his own earlier literary mediums—as, for instance, historical tale and saint's legend—for ironic criticism and fantastic burlesque. Professor Shanks has coordinated the curiously diverse phases of Anatole France's long literary activity with what must seem to us who have dwelt less with the master than he has a quite adequate analysis, a useful contribution to the study of personality, though here and there a significant detail of his make-up, like his propensity to sly sex-psychology or his quiet power to tickle us to a chuckle, seems not sufficiently stressed. It is a literary story of a shelf of golden books, of refined tastes and unerring taste, of art and artistry, of the brilliant dilettante who never tires of his own moods, his own fancies, his own pen. It is not the story of a fiery soul, gripped by the woe of the world or a prophetic vision of a new earth. The notes of artistic cleverness and

spiritual frivolity, intermingled though they be with pathos and humor, and psychological thinking, are all but characteristic notes. Let one who demurs read France's *Garden of Epicurus* and then Nietzsche's *Human, All Too Human*, each a volume of intimate meditation on "first, middle, and last things"—to borrow the grim phrase of a seventeenth century theologian. The exercise will almost bear out Arnold's insistence on the primacy of high seriousness in letters. Again, his was an individualism, a subjectivity, "the cult of the self." The phrase is Professor Shanks'; and in the same paragraph, the last in his book, he notes, as we are all noting, that "a new age is upon us, an age whose first reaction will be toward Life."

This was the Anatole France whom they elected to the Academy. But he had begun to change—as of course Professor Shanks has remarked—before the great dividing years. He had begun to find new uses for old gifts, as his life-long insight into sham and shams, his intimacy with history, his tenderness and mirth, his craftsmanship in phrase deepened in their ethics and broadened in their humanity. He had begun to feel the terrific forces, rumbling through Europe before the earthquake—perhaps from the day when he left his golden books to stand in the market place for justice and Dreyfus, beside Emile Zola, whom he called "un moment de la conscience humaine." That phrase, like the shot at Concord, was heard round the world. And now when we think of Anatole France, we think not of the Academy or the salon or the book-stalls on the Quay, but of the shouting streets of the metropolis, down which march the workers, honoring Jaures dead—in their midst the grey old man whose lips have been touched, like Isaiah's and Whitman's, with living fire.

For he is now become the voice of France. Clemenceau, that other old man, has redeemed his vow of forty years ago. Foch hoists the tricolor that flaunts in the winds that blow toward the Rhine. The Boursee obtains new markets for old. But neither Clemenceau, nor Foch, nor the Boursee is the voice of France. Anatole France is the voice of France, and a new and nobler symbolism crowns the *nom-de-plume* of fifty years. Hear a few words of that voice, as it rang out at the Congress of Teachers' Institutes at Tours in August, reported in *l'Humanité*, and translated in *The Nation*:

No more industrial rivalries, nor more wars: work and peace. Whether we wish it or not, the hour is come when we must be citizens of the world or see all civilization perish. My friends, permit me to utter a most ardent wish, which it is necessary for me to express too rapidly and incompletely, but whose primary idea seems to me calculated to appeal to all generous natures. I wish, I wish with all my heart, that a delegation of the teachers of all nations might soon join the Workers' Internationals in order to prepare in common a universal form of education, and advise as to methods of sowing in young minds ideas from which would spring the peace of the world and the union of peoples.

Reason, wisdom, intelligence, forces of the mind and heart, whom I have always devoutly invoked, come to me, aid me, sustain my feeble voice; carry it, if that may be, to all the peoples of the world, and diffuse it everywhere where there are men of good will to hear the beneficent truth! A new order of things is born. The powers of evil die, poisoned by their crime. The greedy and the cruel, the devourers of peoples, are bursting with an indigestion of blood. However, sorely stricken by the sins of their blind or corrupt masters, mutilated, decimated, the proletarians remain erect; they will unite to form one universal proletariat, and we shall see fulfilled the great socialist prophesy: the union of the workers will be the peace of the world.

Has he not become, too, the voice of all nations? Or shall we in America fail to hear—still pleasantly hypnotized by a voice we have too dearly loved and too faithfully believed?

WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD.

## Evangelists

He painted on the rocks of lonely highways

"Jesus is coming."

The clouds across the mountains swept up like chariots of the Lord;

The little strawberry-breasted linnets sang hallelujah! hallelujah!

The sagebrush flowered praise.

"Jesus is coming! Jesus is coming!"

Said the black paint against the side of the pot as he walked.

Then one day he saw where someone else had written

"The wages of sin is death,"

And considering it, he lost touch with his revelation

And straightway the universe was strewn with the wrecks of his paradise

Like eggshells.

ELIZABETH J. COATSWORTH.



# THE DIAL

A FORTNIGHTLY

## The Old Order and the New

IT IS REPORTED THAT BOSTON'S COMMISSIONER Curtis gave the policemen to understand, when they filed their complaints and demands, that it was a matter of comparative indifference to him whether or not they struck; that he was the man who was responsible for public safety in Boston and he would show them and the city that he was competent to fulfill the duties of the office without their assistance. We have not verified the report that such a conference between the Commissioner and the men took place, but the conduct of the Commissioner verifies the conception that the only responsible office in the Department of Public Safety is the office of Commissioner. We have learned that the direct or immediate event which precipitated the strike was a bill introduced in the Massachusetts legislature at the instigation of Commissioner Curtis, denying policemen the right of review in case of transfer or discharge. The bill gave the Commissioner autocratic power over the administration of public safety, which could not be questioned by a member of the force except under the penalty of discharge. In a very thorough fashion the Commissioner undertook to live up to the reputation of responsibility which was attached to his office. The policemen also carried out in thorough fashion the tradition of irresponsibility attached to the office of wage earner; the public is under obligations to the Boston Commissioner for bringing out in clear relief that this office, whether manned by men in public or private service, is one of irresponsibility. A wage earner may be fired or may quit his job without disconcerting an industry or a service; either can get on without him and suffer no serious loss—and in any case its getting on is no concern of his. He is paid to do a specific job; the continuation of that job, its interruption, its assignment are distinctly matters that some one else must determine. His worrying over the job avails nothing; then why should he worry? Why should any of the workers worry, when there are special men who have assumed the job of worrying, or others who have been deputized to do the worrying for the boss? The worrying job, like riveting bolts, under the modern scheme of dividing labor is specially assigned and provided for in any well-organized scheme. And woe to the riveting man who steps across the line. Moreover we may believe the boss and his deputies when they say that they take their worries home, that they cannot sleep at night for worrying. Who would not worry if he had in charge a small or a

large group of men who had been hired on the explicit condition that they were there to attend to nothing except the detached end of the enterprise assigned them; men who were there on the understanding that the relation of their job to others, its value in the enterprise, and the conduct of the enterprise as a whole were matters in which their judgment was ruled out?

IT IS THE FIRST SIGN OF DAWN THAT WAGE earners are beginning to suspect that bearing responsibility must be a diverting as well as a lucrative pastime, since those who assume the position hold to it with peculiar tenacity. In no case are they ready or eager to share. Sharing responsibility with the worker is the last bit of ground that the governing class will surrender. Before employers will recede so far they will pay union wages, adopt the closed shop, share their profits, and submit to government "interference." The proposition of the railroad workers for the administration of transportation along the lines of functional responsibility is the present challenge to the trades unions and the labor world that the time has come for the adoption of a new industrial policy, a policy of labor responsibility in productive service. The experiment in the United States arsenals as well as the cooperative experiments abroad, in agriculture in Italy and in other industries elsewhere, have already demonstrated that common laborers in conjunction with production-technicians might be entrusted, with high profit to themselves and the community, with full responsibility. It happens that railroad transportation is so organized that the trust could be transferred at once with immediate returns to all; it is also evident that a few other highly organized industries are overripe and waiting to be taken up; that practically all municipal, state, and federal activities could be rescued from the corruption of political administration and the service vastly improved if the employees made themselves responsible for the service as a whole. As wage earners with few exceptions refuse to assume the responsibility, what can and cannot be rescued is beside the point. But it is clear to the whole world that the labor-union movement has reached a place where a new policy, a policy of industrial responsibility, must be adopted if the union is to continue to function; and that the day of the collective bargain must make way sooner or later for the day of the collective contract.

WE SHOULD LIKE TO SUGGEST TO THE UNIONS that they may well begin at once to prepare for a time when industrial responsibility can be transferred to men who are technically competent—begin by throwing the responsibility for strikes back on the shoulders of employers, who under present arrangements hold the position of responsibility for production and public service. Let us take up some of the issues which arise in industrial relations—wages, hours, and, at times, economy in administration. First, the case of wages. The organized workers of a shop, when considering wage rates, might send their representatives to the boss to inform him that they were in search of facts, that they were in the dark as to costs and the financial resources of the enterprise, and that they could not consider the question of wages intelligently unless they had access to all the financial data possessed by the management. It is needless to observe that the request for light would be refused as an untoward impertinence; but the refusal of men to continue working without light would have a retroactive psychological effect on the present processes of industrial manipulation which would be altogether beneficial. In the case of hours of work, the employees, without the assistance of the boss, but with the help of the production expert, could make a study of short and long shifts. Other questions of production organization, such as a new coordination of the working forces in the shop, a new method of routing, a better selection of material, the possibility of buying and selling in other markets, new methods of accounting, would inevitably become shop issues if the workers assumed the position of production responsibility.

Having made their studies and drawn their plans, the workers should submit them to the test of publicity and examination. Convinced of the validity of their conclusions, they would be prepared to act on them; to work on the hour schedule which they had determined was best for all concerned; to put into operation the methods of shop organization which they believed experience would prove altogether good. They would not, of course, get beyond the presentation of their case before they would find themselves on the street. That however is where the unions are at home in case of an issue. The difference between the new method and the old would be that the workers would have a case of particular interest to the public, instead of a case of special interest to a comparatively small group of men. Moreover if, instead of striking, they undertook actually to put into operation a scheme of organization which promised increased economy and better service, they would be on the street because the owner of the plant had locked them out. The fight of organized workmen for more light, for responsibility, for an intelligent and highly efficient service would be met as the manufacturers are now meeting the effort of the workers in the arsenals. It is a dangerous precedent, the manufacturers declare, for the workers to be given responsibility,

for them to use their intelligence, for them to underbid business. A Senate investigation is demanded. In a short time the arsenal experiment will be killed and the government will subversively pay the price for optics, saddles, and so forth which responsible business men in their infinite wisdom pronounce to be just and good. They may kill the experiment in the arsenals, but they cannot kill the once-aroused desire of labor to function productively. If that desire is to assert itself in the near future the burden of preserving labor's irresponsibility will have to be borne by the politicians and the business men. Let us suppose, for instance, that a city's firemen, well organized for purposes of assuming the responsibility of fire prevention, undertake to introduce a scheme for improving team work in the fighting of fires, and that the Fire Commissioner discharges them for their pains. The Commissioner, not the firemen, is responsible for the prevention and control of all fires during the period of the lockout. If, instead of striking, the Boston police had taken in hand the administration of the Police Department, Commissioner Curtis, with the assistance of the militia, would have locked them out, and would have appeared before the public as incompetent as he actually is to assume the responsibility for Boston's safety. We submit for the consideration of all intelligent laboring men the proposition that there is no better time to begin preparation for the assumption of responsibility than now, when the whole world is sensing the fact that those who now hold responsible office in the nature of the case do so on bluff. While the present situation is fostered by keeping the mass of men in the position of irresponsibility for quality and quantity in output and service, strikes are inevitable. While this situation endures, the question of the right of men to strike is immaterial, and the ethical query as to whether or not strikes of public employees should be supported is impertinent.

IT WILL TAKE A COMPLETE VICTORY FOR REACTION in Russia to prove to all parties that the only thing the anti-Bolsheviks have in common is anti-Bolshevism. Nevertheless there are already in hand certain items of evidence that point to this conclusion. As far as the anti-Bolsheviks are pro anything, they are pro-private-property. With the menace of socialization once out of the way, the business of being pro-private-property will lose its significance, for the time being at least, and all the divisive tendencies now submerged by the Great Fear will show up again. In this connection it may be noted that besides being a reactionary, Kolchak is an imperialist. And it is precisely at the moment of reaction's triumph that imperialism will become really significant. In the matter of Ukraina, for instance. It is reported now that Ukraina has abandoned her political independence and has decided to leave to the much promised All-Russian Constitutional Assembly the matter of settling her final status. Can there be

any uncertainty as to what the Assembly's decision will be? Or any hope that Ukraina, having once tasted freedom, will abide by this decision? The ultimate answer is not far to seek. Nor will Denikin's deal with Petulra, the Ukrainian chief, be without its effect in the Baltic region, where a federation of new states has opened negotiations with the Soviet Government. Under these conditions, is there any possibility that Lithuania, Lettvia, and Estonia will eventually vote themselves into Kolchak's empire for the privilege of fighting Kolchak's battles? Finland's aloofness has established a different precedent. And as for Kolchak's imperial retainers: Will Japan demand all of Siberia—or half? Will the Trans-Caucasian provinces recompense France for the loss of much-coveted territory in Asia Minor? And will England be satisfied with the Baku oil region—the natural hinterland of Mesopotamia and Persia—or will Russian Turkestan become a necessary buffer for Persia and Afghanistan? What about the Murmansk coast, where Americans landed to save war-material from the Bolsheviks, and found that they were expected to carve up Russia for the British? To what lengths of cruelty must Kolchak go to maintain himself in that portion of Russia which foreign forces conquer for him and are generous enough to leave to him? If history and logic mean anything, they mean that the triumph of Kolchak will bring not only the destruction of industrial democracy in Russia but the partition of the nation itself among the spoilsmen now joined in the service of reaction.

THE WAR THAT BINDS TOGETHER THE PARTISANS of Kolchak has likewise served the interests of governmental centralization in Soviet Russia. Victory, whether it comes to Lenin or to Kolchak, will entail not only the elimination of the defeated leader, but the partial or complete disintegration of the forces of the champion. To choose intelligently between the one triumph and the other is to choose between two types of confusion—with an eye to ultimate results. With Kolchak once in power, wars with the small nations and quarrels with imperial allies will create a condition of affairs exactly suited to the maintenance of a reactionary regime. Victory will turn the Dictator's allies into enemies, and throw upon Russia a burden of foreign complications that can be met only by a highly centralized and militarized government. The pro-Bolshevist alliance on the other hand is made up of men of many parties held together for the time being by a common fear and hatred of reaction. The only answer of these pro-Bolshevists to criticisms of the severe and dictatorial methods of the Bolsheviks is the answer of the French Revolution—Fatherland in danger! During the last two years America herself has seen what an unreasonable measure of power the authorities may assume in the face of war. And for us at our safe distance the war was hardly worthy of comparison with the rending horror that has attached

itself to the body of Russia. Any truly logical believer in Bolshevism at its worst should be highly pleased with the measure of Allied help now extended to Kolchak—just enough to make the Bolshevik dictatorship necessary, to maintain violence at the frontiers and justify violence at the capital. Once relieved of Allied pressure, the Soviet Government could probably compose its differences with the small nations and completely crush the Kolchak forces in six months. Then, with peace, the pro-Bolshevist group would fall apart into its elements—not quarreling nations or jealous empires, but political and economic parties, aroused to intensest activity by the socialization of property, concerned almost entirely with the problems of industrial and political democracy. . . . Disintegration? Yes—the eager confusion that means progress.

THE PRESIDENT HAS TOURED THE COUNTRY. HE has spoken a great many times, but he has not added to our stock of knowledge. He has asserted that the League of Nations is as harmless as a lamb, but he has not bothered to prove it. Why? We do not know. We want to be shown. On the one hand the President reproaches us for not wishing peace as ardently as himself. On the other he appoints Judge Gary and Mr. Rockefeller to represent the public at his industrial conference of October 6. Some lesser lights, mostly from the banking fraternity, and two renegade Socialists complete the list. Of them all—and there are twenty-two—only Ex-President Eliot and Mr. Gay inspire confidence. Now at last we know the names of the persons President Wilson has in mind when he tells us that he voices the sentiments of the American people—about peace or the League or anything else. We have only one fear: with the capitalists all pledged to support the public interest, who will look after the just claims of capital? We note that the ablest labor leaders have not been snatched away from their personal interests and impressed into the service of the general public; and we recommend for careful consideration the sacrifice the President has required of the largest employers of labor in the United States. But our Administration is not content even with this display of its hand in the industrial game. Against all the aces and all the trumps, what can one do? Secretary Baker has endorsed General March's plea for a standing army of half a million men, and compulsory training for all the youth of the country. The President's friends report that he approves the plan. This indicates the kind of peace that is to follow the signing of the Treaty. General March's argument that universal training will ensure peace sounds strangely familiar. If we remember rightly, it was "made in Germany." There even comes now the report that our navy has outstripped the British. And Japan is wrought up over the naval demonstration in the Pacific. We slide and slide—whither? Is it towards the better world for which we fought?



## Casual Comment

A DEPARTMENT OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS WHICH sought to promote international understanding would be a diplomatic anomaly. But a journal of this name came into existence lately, and that is its avowed purpose. It is the official organ of the Union of Democratic Control, a British organization which numbers on its executive committee such names as J. A. Hobson, Charles Trevelyan, and C. Roden Buxton. In its anti-imperialism and its antimilitarism Foreign Affairs is in the direct line of the Victorian liberal tradition—one remembers Hobson's sympathetic study of Cobden, the International Man (reviewed by Robert Morss Lovett in *THE DIAL* for April 19)—but the Union of Democratic Control has added to its corporate policy the socialist bias of the later Victorian period, that of Messrs. Macdonald and Snowden. The September issue of Foreign Affairs contains articles by the Austrian, Friedrich Hertz, the Korean, K. Lee, and the Englishmen, Trevelyan, Pensonby, and Murray. In the article of Murray in defense of pre-war diplomacy lies the promise of a vigorous controversy, while the varied nationalities of the other contributors is an earnest of Foreign Affairs' desire to act as a clearing house for international political discussion. The condemnation of the Covenant in its present form by the executive committee of the Union of Democratic Control proves, in spite of the tameness of the British labor parliamentarians in accepting the Treaty, that liberal forces abroad are no less keenly aware of the defects of the present arrangements than we are, even if they have proved less effective in opposition. The Union allies itself boldly with the Clarte group in France, which is soon to issue a monthly review, and thus it forms the intellectual base for a persistent and unified movement against those national forces whose chief purpose seems to be that of working at cross purposes with other nationalities. Left to themselves these peace organizations would probably not be more effective than those of Cobden's period; but the Union is deliberately seeking the support of labor groups, and is thus gaining a powerful ally of which the capitalist bias of Cobdenism, and the weakness of mid-Victorian workers' associations, robbed the earlier movement.

WHAT LITERATURE, AND PARTICULARLY POETRY, has gained from the war may be footed up by our children: of what it has lost we have the evidence all about us. Walter Adolphe Roberts is one of the poetic craftsmen whose promise it has, so far, almost canceled. He has no little ability; if inclined to be facile, he is always metrically sound; without marked originality, he nevertheless has a keen feeling for the appropriate word. But to make litera-

ture out of the war, one must either have been passionately above the tumult, like Romain Rolland, or in the midst of it, like Nichols and Sassoon and Aldington. Mr. Roberts was neither; the war came to him, as to most of us, strained through the censorship. In *Pierrot Wounded*, and *Other Poems* (Britton) it is France heroic and embattled that he has tuned his lyre to sing. The impulse which he has followed had similar results on poets as dissimilar as Amy Lowell and Lurana Sheldon, the bard of the Times editorial page. This much however is individual to Mr. Roberts—that the France which he loves is the nation of eternal revolt. The war itself he envisages as another Commune, a revolt of democracy against the White Terror of the Kaiser, and he adjoins the armies as stout revolutionaries to "tear up stones for the barricades." It is indeed true that Revolutionary France was at war with Germany. The disillusion of a reactionary victory however has put *Pierrot Wounded* a trifle out of date. Published three years ago, when the country was ringing with Verdun, and Clemenceau was editor of an Opposition paper, it would have been an immediate success.

A FALLACY LONG ENDEMIC IN THE MINDS OF American artists and public alike is that one must go to France to learn to paint. The student returns home spoiled and unsympathetic, with no inclination to observe the life he has striven to forget, and spends his days repeating the mannerisms of Gallic painters and spreading the superstition that the French hold the great secret. Commercially it is an advantage, but intellectually it is ruin. America is matured; she can learn from France just as she can learn from Russia; but it must be in an adult fashion and not in the spirit of childish romance. Our younger men, instead of trying to fathom Cézanne's extraordinary mastery of form and his dynamic use of color, have mistaken his crudities for accomplishments, his most obvious faults for virtues, and are flooding the galleries with eccentricities which bear no relation to the structural unities aimed at, if not always realized, by their master. Picasso's pictures, which were born of a dissatisfaction with his limited achievements in objective form, virtually exhausted the possibilities of Cubism. And yet our galleries continually exhibit imitations that are utterly without meaning, that are ignorantly conceived and often offensively absurd. American Cubism is the simple and superficial process of drawing planes at random. In much the same way Matisse's distorted nudes have been misapprehended; and Gauguin's decorations; and the work of many lesser figures who have derived from the Persians and primitives. On the other hand, Renoir, unquestionably a master, is not frequently plagiarized: he is not shocking; he is dif-

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In spite of the tendency to worship foreign idols, there is hope. America abounds in talent; and, in so far as technical skill enters into the problem, our artists need not defer to the French. It is, in a measure, not unreasonable for them to look to Europe for stimulation and appreciation: Americans cannot continue to put every obstacle in the way of their artists and then expect them to turn out masterpieces. The American painter is practically dissociated from his public, which is confined to a handful of tired critics, a few dealers, and occasional visitors to the galleries. As a result he lives a feckless and incomplete life; he is too much alone; he is generally unfamiliar with the world around him and boastful of his aloofness. His canvases are but confirmations of his dwarfed existence. The work of the most promising young men, the men in whom we must place our hopes for distinguished and enduring productions, is well painted, often surpassingly executed; it is clever; more likely than not it is richly colored; but the most of it falls flat. It bears the stamp of the studio, and the French studio at that. The painter of still-life has become a nuisance, the abstractionist a bore. What the American artist needs above everything else is to get close to nature in the largest and profoundest sense; to relate himself to the plangent American life that envelops him; to study it, absorb it, and understand it. Only when he has done this will he begin to create. He cannot remain an eremite relying upon a color theory, an adoration of Cézanne, and a penchant for second-hand metaphysics, and still do organic art. It is worth remembering that when Michael Angelo ceased to return to nature and began to depend upon scientific formulae his work immediately lost much of its strength and structural power.

AMERICAN PAINTERS OF THE "NEW MOVEMENT" seem to have come to a full stop. They are showing signs of vacillation and are beginning to drift into their appropriate pathways. In order to get their bearings, some have momentarily ceased to paint; some have fallen back on illustration, which once they deprecated so noisily; some guilty apostates are gradually creeping into the folds of the academically respectable; only a few are prosecuting their talents without fear or compromise. Now, as Clive Bell has said, bad modern art is no worse than any other art that is bad; but it affords the old-fashioned critics an opportunity to cackle over the failure they so strenuously predicted and so arrogantly tried to compass. Meanwhile, to the sympathizers with new and vitalizing forces, it is in no sense a failure but a temporary depression, a natural reaction. In the main the modern heretics

were right—it was courageous and commendable to fight against the inanities of the Academy and all other forms of stupid copying, whether of nature or of the old art. The present stoppage of significant productivity in America is due rather to a certain want of understanding. The first requisite to creative work is a definite and precise knowledge of the desired end: unfortunately most of our younger painters, when asked about their intentions, are unable to give adequate or even intelligible answers—they shift the responsibility to Rousseauism, proclaiming their right to "express themselves." But expression no more makes art than a child's howling makes music, and it is doubtful if their canvases are now even sincere expressions. It was easy to imitate the most startling idiosyncrasies of Cubism and Futurism; it was exhilarating to shock the public; but now that these schools have ceased to be shocking, our painters must use their own brains or perish—they may profit by the aggregate good of the new movement but they cannot go on imitating its manifestations and expect an audience.

JOHN G. NEIHARDT'S *THE SONG OF THREE FRIENDS* (Macmillan) begins with an uncompromising question:

Who now reads clear the roster of that band?  
Alas, Time scribbles with a careless hand  
And often pinchbeck doings from that pen  
Bite deep, where deeds and dooms of mighty men  
Are blotted out beneath a sordid scrawl!

And one would perhaps read no further for the poetry did one not recall the epic of Hugh Glass. In Hugh Glass the story held the attention and the poetry quickened the pulse. This *Three Friends*, which is designed to introduce Hugh Glass and form the first of a cycle of poems dealing with the fur trade period in the trans-Missouri region, neither interests as a narrative nor stimulates as verse. There are indeed passages where spring tingles and a Southwest summer scarcely breathes; but there is no Jamie section and no Crawl section, and the primitive beauty that flourished in the earlier poems blooms here only in intermittent patches.

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## Communications

### THE RUSSIAN REACTION TO THE JAPANESE

SIR: If what Mr. Joshua Rosett says in *The Prussians of the Eastern World* in *THE DIAL* of August 9, 1919 concerning the conduct of the Japanese Army in Siberia is true (and it must be true considering the fact that they shoot strikers of their own country now and helpless innocent peasants in Korea) then the Russians, especially the Siberians, are right and just in hating the Japanese, who have invaded Siberia against their wishes. Japan, in landing her troops in Vladivostok, declared that she would not interfere with the internal policy of the Siberians (so did other powers) but Japan has been interfering right along directly with the internal policies of the Siberians under the pretext first of helping the Czecho-Slovaks and then of keeping peace and order along the Siberian Railroad, which is under the sole control of the U. S. A. I do not defend any act of the Japanese army in Siberia. I am against militarism, especially the Siberians' intervention, and condemn their brutal and inhuman conduct, but the acts of officers in the matter of the hospital, which Mr. Rosett has so graphically given in the said article, are the direct result of Japanese Militarism.

I do not agree with Mr. Rosett in saying that Japan led the Allied Powers to the aid of a distressed and helpless neighbor—Russia—when the tidal wave of Bolshevism swept from European Russia into Siberia; Japanese troops weeding out the Bolsheviks and the moral backing of the Japanese had induced the Czecho-Slovaks to put the Bolshevik Soviets out of business in Siberia, thus enabling the regularly elected organs of democratic government to take their proper places. Mr. Rosett tried to find causes of Russian hatred against the Japanese; why the Russians hate the Japs in spite of this. Here Mr. Rosett made a grave mistake; the Russians hate the Japanese not in spite of these services of the Japanese army, but directly on account of these. I can say this from the result of the election at Vladivostok just after the Czecho-Slovaks ousted the Soviets.

The present hatred of the Russians is not the continuation of the hatred that started at Russia's defeat in the Russo-Japanese war of 1904 but the direct result of the unjust intervention of the Japanese army in Siberia. The majority of the Siberians are now the Bolsheviks and they became so on account of the Allied intervention. Mr. A. R. Williams said that the landing of the Japanese troops at Vladivostok made all Siberians Bolshevik. The present deadly hatred of the Japanese on the part of the Russians is not entirely racial, as Mr. Rosett thinks. No, their present hatred against the Japanese is on account of the armed intervention by the Japanese; so it is almost entirely on account of fear of the Japanese Militarism. I know the

noble characteristics of the Russian—so eloquently does Mr. Rosett present them. "The whole world knows the Russians to be a patient and hospitable people, quick to appreciate an act of kindness and never slow to forgive an offense." It was shown also to the Japanese all over Russia, during and after the present war until the unjust intervention. This was one of the chief reasons why Uchida, former Ambassador to Petrograd and present foreign minister, was strenuously opposed to the Siberian intervention. During the war, the Jap. Red Cross workers who served among the Russian army never encountered any antipathetic feeling on the part of Russian soldiers, including the Siberians. We know that there are many Russians who do not consider the Jap subhuman, with a little tail. The Lenin and Trotsky government extended a cordial hand of international fellowship to the Japanese people and workers, as expressly enunciated in the Oriental policy of the said Government printed in the *New York Volkszeitung*, December 8, 1918. Mr. Rosett's statements are too sweeping and too prejudicial and amount to inciting a racial hatred between the Russians and Japanese. I can say with the support of the Russian comrades that the Japanese workers are not hated by the Russian Communists. They do hate, of course, as every socialist does, the militarism and imperialism of Japan and of other countries, including the U. S. A., when these exist. The Japanese Socialists have the most cordial and really dynamic relations with Russian Socialists and Bolsheviks that were first established during the Russo-Japanese War of 1904. But if Mr. Rosett says that he is only speaking for the Russians who support the Kolchak Government and other reactionary powers in European Russia and Siberia, then he must say so and not speak in such general terms.

Mr. Rosett is mistaken in saying that Japanese women are harnessed to wagons by ropes and dragging burdens. They must have appeared repulsively brutal, but such is not the case. The Japanese woman is an independent worker in this case, just as her husband; they work together and enjoy together the result of their own labor. They can rest any time, any length of time, and anywhere they wish. They own the wagon they pull and in many cases they carry their own goods. My mother used to do the same kind of work, but she gave me a strong healthy body. She never complained of her work—so many do not even today. They are working of their own volition. They must not be compared with the mules of the South that are driven by the whips of the colored people. The custom may appear cruel to a foreigner, but from the actual experience of life their lot is far better than those spinning girls who work in the cotton factory—just as their sisters do in the American cotton factories! Mr. Rosett's judgment of the Japanese women workers is utterly superficial and wrong—he did not take into consideration the eco-

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conomic structure of Japanese society. What is eating up the very vitality of the Japanese workers is not what Mr. Rosett saw in the rice fields or on the wayside passing by, but in the very system of industry imported from his own country or the other Western countries.

Mr. Rosett seems to put great faith in the old Czarist army officer who is the enemy of the Bolsheviks of Russia. I wish to call Mr. Rosett's attention to the fact that the Bolsheviks of Russia today consist of the vast majority of Russian people, with a stable government at Moscow that has existed since November, 1917. That government and its people no doubt hate and fear the Japanese militarists and the army under their command in Siberia, but they do not hate the Japanese people and especially the workers. On the contrary, they are inviting the Japanese workers to Russia. Under the Bolshevik rule no Russian hates or fears a foreigner, for as long as they are workers, they are comrades.

SEN KATAYAMA.

New York City.

### BASEBALL AND RIVALRY

STR: One always hesitates to differ with one's teacher. Especially must one be careful in assuming to express a disagreement with a teacher who introduced one to philosophic thought. It is therefore only with reserve that I offer a word in criticism of the article of Professor Cohen in the Dial for July 26 on Baseball.

Professor Cohen quite correctly finds in Baseball the expression of religious emotions. Although I am not myself a devotee of the game, I am yet convinced by my friends who are, that it is a truly religious enthusiasm which grips one in witnessing a game. There is a "mystic unity with a larger life of which we are a part." But the mystic being in Baseball is the city. We have then a deep enthusiasm to see our city vindicated, its "honor" upheld. If it is true that the "truly religious devotee has his soul directed to the final outcome" it is because he feels that "his" city is to rise or fall according to whether or not her sons succeed in maintaining her prestige. I pass over the fundamental falsehood of the underlying premises, for in almost every case the city's team has nothing in common with the city, in no way represents it, save that it uses its name. There remains the basic question: Can a spirit that makes for contention be compatible with the establishment of a Church Universal "in which all men may find their brotherhood in the Infinite Game"?

There is in every human breast an instinct of self-assertion. This usually takes the form of a desire to stand out, to be noticed. This instinct need not, however, necessarily make for rivalry. It is not essential that A be pushed into the back-

ground in order that B may stand in the foreground, just as there is no need for the enslavement of A in order that B may be a lord. There is room enough for all in this world. It is only in its depraved stages that the instincts of self-assertion seek "honor" rather than responsibility, only in their abnormal functioning that they are not satisfied with the love of the near but demand the fear and the respect of the distant. It is then that they degenerate into ambition and become an overpowering passion.

The spirit of rivalry between individuals is easily transferred to communities and to nations. From wishing myself to be the Mayor of my city, and the President of my land, I easily come to desire to see my city the foremost in the land and my people the most powerful on the globe. I want to have its influence felt, and this desire is translated into a wish into having it feared abroad. For this purpose I vote it heavy armaments. I rejoice in being told that mine is the richest country on the globe, not because that makes me or anyone else any happier, but because my country stands out and is more powerful than the rest. I want New York to be the largest city, not for any benefit that will accrue to anyone from such a state of affairs, but because she happens to be my city. . . .

Anything that makes for contention cannot be ennobling. It is a false doctrine that rivalries and aspirations of nations must find some outlet. It is as untrue as the belief that we can avert sex-depravity by introducing sensuous negroid dances or Arabic tales into our civilization. The truth is that these only help to deprave an instinct otherwise quite useful. And similarly, games that call for contention help to arouse emotions that make for the degeneration of the self-assertive instincts. . . .

Professor Cohen seems impressed with the democratizing influence of Baseball. He forgets, apparently, that this democracy is inherent in all movements which emphasize the emotional aspects of life. During a political campaign the most aristocratic will often forget his theories and take a smoke or a drink from one of the commonplace with whom he might ordinarily disdain to speak. . . .

We cannot expect to rise by appealing to baseness, we cannot develop social feeling by appealing to anti-social instincts. The war against war should have taught us the fallacy of such a contradiction in terms. Paradoxes may sometimes be true, but the criterion of truth cannot be the paradoxical formulation of a statement.

The less of rivalry that we have, the less we insist on the self, whether it take the form of the aggrandizement of one's individuality, one's nation or one's race, the nearer will we approach our ideal. Cooperation should be the goal rather than victory, cooperation in an attempt to gain the mastery of the universe. It is the infinite game between mind and matter.

LOUIS FINKELSTEIN.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

## Notes on New Books

**SYLVIA AND MICHAEL.** By Compton Mackenzie. 323 pages. Harper.

It is no narrow background that Compton Mackenzie has chosen for his latest novel; he does not confine himself to the four walls of a house or to one city or country. With *Sylvia and Michael* the headlong action of the movies establishes itself among the consecrated ranks of the young Englishmen. The story opens in Paris, moves rapidly to Petrograd, where it halts for sixty-odd pages, and for the remainder of the volume flashes from Kiev to Odessa to Warsaw, from Bucharest and Avereshti to Nish, and finally closes in a calm Samothracian pastoral with the promise of continued action in a future novel. New characters are brought before us constantly, are painted vividly and unforgettably in a paragraph or a chapter, and disappear, probably forever. No book comes easily that has described so well the kaleidoscope of Russia and the Balkans in 1915, although one is reminded slightly of John Reed and *The War in Eastern Europe*.

The vivid characters, however, are restricted to their various paragraphs, and the background remains background. The whole action is centered around the adventures of *Sylvia Scarlett*, the fascinating, brilliant, erratic, but always charming *Sylvia*. "To satisfy a whim," says the notice on the cover, "she throws away a big career. She makes her way alone through dangers that would terrify most men." All this she does, and more, but she remains little more than a wooden doll, the limbs of which Mr. Mackenzie has set into violent motion, and the mouth of which he has formed to repeat the speeches which he writes for her. The more rapid the action in which she is engaged, the more profound her musings, the more does she lose versimilitude. It is the misfortune of Compton Mackenzie that after half a dozen excellent novels, he has lost the power to visualize his heroes and heroines. When he devotes his hand to miniatures or landscapes, he is still the accomplished artist, but his portraits are failures. He can no longer make them live.

**STORM IN A TEACUP.** By Eden Phillpotts. 303 pages. Macmillan.

By the title, the English novelist defines the scope of his newest story, but leaves to the reader the discovery of the stinging strength of the brew. Phillpotts withholds the lump of sugar; he is not so sparing of lemon. For a leisurely novel, which shuns briskness as a plague, it nevertheless imparts a pungent acid flavor—as though, perhaps, a few drops of rum had been added at the last moment. *Storm in a Teacup* is another study in Phillpotts' established locale—"with Dartmoor flung in a dim arc beyond." The story centers about the workers in a paper mill, and woven through the chapters is a con-

secutive exposition of that tedious, fascinating process, deftly linked up with the major concerns of the three outstanding characters. There is, moreover, a colorful gallery of figures in the background, emerging and receding, each one weighing somehow in the scales which Phillpotts examines so deliberately and with such insight.

He starts with a rather highly strung woman, married to a light-hearted, unhorizonized mill-worker—a man of sound sense but lacking the requisite aura of mystery. The wife, thinking she sees quite through him and finding his soul bare of disquieting symptoms, jumps to the conclusion that he is dull, and forthwith runs off with another. The successor, who had been a rival suitor before her marriage, is one of those beings with a mission to uplift their fellows, but with a woefully wooden interior in the face of romantic crises. He insists upon an unconsummated elopement, pending the divorce. The husband finally punctures the bubble simply by refraining from the necessary legal steps, and in the end, a chastened wife is restored to him.

This skeleton is inadequate to suggest the delicacy, the humor, and the incisive bits of character drawing which Phillpotts has put into the framework. The woman's discovery that a husband who is transparent may not be nearly so dull as a man with only one idea—even an altogether admirable moral one—is very subtly threaded into the texture of the story, and the philosophic warp is felt, but never insisted upon. Phillpotts chooses to interpret life with the labels removed.

**THE OXFORD HISTORY OF INDIA.** By Vincent A. Smith. 816 pages. Oxford University Press.

At the conclusion of a long and distinguished career in the Indian Civil Service as an administrator, as well as in the capacity of a careful and enthusiastic student of India's past, Mr. Vincent A. Smith has now given us his definitive history of India. His previous works on the Fine Arts of India and Ceylon, on the early relations between East and West down to the time of Alexander the Great's invasion, to say nothing of his studies of the lives of the "Great Mogul" Akbar, and of the Constantine of Buddhism, the emperor Asoka, were valuable preparation for this succinct and comprehensive survey. Well might the author have chosen as motto for this last work, completed in his retirement: *Finis coronat opus*.

When Master Ralph Fitch, one of the earliest travelers in India, closed his entertaining pages with the satisfaction that he had had "to declare some things which India do bring forth" he little realized the demand that would some day arise for such knowledge, both in the Bureau of Commerce at Washington and in the American public libraries. Yet in the early nineteenth century how intimate was our contact with India! Those were the days when

our fast clipper ships from Salem and other New England ports were outsailing the heavy, teak-built East Indiamen that plied between Gravesend and Surat, fighting the Portuguese, Dutch, and French, and arriving in the Thames when hope had vanished, to have their rich cargoes sold by the light of a candle. According to custom all bids for these rich cargoes were accepted while a candle of official length burned. All this trade the swifter Yankee craft fell heir to because of finer shipwrights and speed. Even within the memory of the reviewer there stood at Bombay the old American Ice House, where New England apples, and ice from little Wenham Pond near Boston, once were sold to the homesick Europeans, this being the bal- last that the wily Yankee brought so as to return laden with silk, calicoes, and tea. We do not doubt that an older generation of Anglo-Indian punch drinkers had their experience with the wooden-nut- meg from Connecticut.

From the rich material of Mr. Smith's work it now remains for some embryo Doctor of Philosophy to write an American history of India. As Mr. Smith reminds us in these pages, the critical period of British supremacy in India coincided with the revolutionary wars in America. British cabinets and parliaments came to power or fell solely upon their Indian and American policies. Today East and West are one. This story of India's glorious past is essential if we are to understand the political future promised India by the recent Montagu Bill, coming so close upon our own Jones Bill in the Philippines. Whether or not we assume any man- dates for folks dubbed in Kipling's silly rhetoric "half-devil and half-child," America's provincial detachment is gone. There is enough food for re- flection if we recall that American statesmen formu- lated those two epoch-making policies, The Open Door and Self-Determination.

INDIA IN TRANSITION. By the Aga Khan. 310 pages. Putnam.

His Highness, the Aga Khan, once the symbol in India of reactionary associations, stands before the public today as a reformer. He is a man of wide culture and far travels. He is the religious head of the Ismaili Mahomedans scattered over India, Central Asia, and East Africa. He has been created a first class Prince by the British Raj, and is entitled to eleven guns. He is immensely wealthy, and has rendered a great service to India by trying to estab- lish a Mahomedan University at Aligarh. Per- haps the government opposition to his noble scheme has partially opened his eyes to the real motives of British rule in India. The author wholeheartedly repudiates the British educational policy in India, and he even makes bold to say: "There is no running away from this need for education diffusion since it is a question of life and death for India. No compromise as to providing this essential ground- work of national development can be tolerated." It

is however exceedingly amusing to see the author straddle. It is almost tragic. All through the book there is a feeling of suppressed resentment. Thus he speaks of Great Britain's educational and econ- omic achievements in India: "Britain has been criticized and rightly criticized for having allowed the twentieth century to dawn and grow without having grappled fully and successfully with the illiteracy general in India, and with the unsanitary environment of the masses, so bad that avoidable deaths are counted by the million every year." But like his fellow home-rulers, the Redmonds and T. P. O'Connor's of India, he stands for the perpetuation of the system he condemns, and renounces the claim to complete autonomy in the admission that "Englishmen are in official position in India be- cause, after her chequered and tragic history, she is not able to satisfactorily settle her own affairs without the cooperation of people from happier lands."

LETTERS TO THE PEOPLE OF INDIA ON RE- sponsible GOVERNMENT. By Lionel Curtis. 211 pages. Macmillan.

The author of the book under review, Mr. Lionel Curtis, is a Knight of the new British Round Table of imperialism, and his policy of liberalism aims to counteract the growing movement for India's com- plete independence. Nevertheless this book frankly exposes some of the present awkward anomalies of the British administration in India. Writes the author:

So far as the Indian and Provincial governments are concerned, responsible government has no place in the existing constitution. . . . The legislatures consist partly of officials, who in the Governor-General's Council only are in the majority, partly of non-officials, mostly Indians, appointed by the Government, and partly by members, almost entirely Indian, who do not hold their seats by Government appointment. From the latest returns it ap- pears that the Imperial Council consists of 68 members, 27 of whom are elected. Of these 18 are elected to speak for sectional interests, either landholders, Mahomedans, merchants, or manufacturers. The remaining, indirectly elected by non-official members of the nine Provincial Councils, are presumably intended to voice the views of the people at large. . . . Educated Indians are ac- cused of seeking an oligarchy under the guise of self- government. Here, in a law made by ourselves, the image of oligarchy is stamped on the system.

We are now in a position to trace the electoral chain by which a member of the Imperial Council is supposed to represent a voter in one of these divisions.

1. The primary voter returns a member to the Dis- trict or Municipal Board.
2. The Board returns members to an Electoral College.
3. The College returns a member to the Provincial Council.
4. The non-official members, including sectional mem- bers are those appointed by Government, return a member to the Imperial Legislative Council.

The system is one which destroys any real connection between the primary voter and the member who sits on the Legislative Councils.

Whenever there is a talk of political reform in India, the enemies of progress in that country in-



variably talk of India's social evils like the caste and other kindred topics, as though India were the only country where social evils are prevalent. Even the minds of intelligent Americans have been affected by propaganda of calumny and misrepresentation of conditions in India. But here is a Briton who seems to understand the problem. He says:

I have often heard it said that, before Indians ask for political powers, they ought to devote themselves to the task of social reform. If Englishmen will think of the social reforms effected in their own country, they will realize how unfair and impossible a condition this is. What great social reform has ever been effected in England without legislative action? How could the employment of women and children in industries and mines, the status of married women, or the sale of liquor, have been reformed without the enactment of a new law? In India the need for social reform largely arises from customs which have been crystallized by decisions in the courts, under the rigid legal system which we ourselves introduced from the West.

Then the author points out how Mr. Bhupendranath Basu's Marriage Reform Bill was killed by the British government, though the Bill was supported by men like Gokhale, Raja of Dighapatia, Jinnah, Madholkar, Dadabhoy, and others. "The whole corps of British officials were ordered by the Governor-General and his council to march into the lobby and vote the measure down." And it was done. Similarly Mr. Gokhale's Primary Education Bill, introducing free and compulsory primary education in India, was voted down by the Governor-General and his council—and this in the enlightened twentieth century.

THE NEW ELIZABETHANS. By E. B. Osborn. 311 pages. Lane.

SET DOWN IN MALICE. By Gerald Cumberland. 286 pages. Brentano.

UNCENSORED CELEBRITIES. By E. T. Raymond. 244 pages. Holt.

The intent to discover a single lofty chord, recurring in the lives of more than a score of young men who met death in the war, and to set it vibrating as a sort of overtone to the spirit in which they lived and died, has guided Mr. Osborn in preparing his brief memoirs. Despite an occasional overemphasis and a somewhat too-frequent recourse to superlatives, the collection is of considerable value. The list is predominantly insular, but includes the Americans Alan Seeger and Harold Chapin. There is a brief outline of the life of each fighter, followed by a survey of his work. In the task of appraisal, the tendency is toward over-statement, but it is possible for the reader to make the necessary reservations. The style becomes a bit feverish at times, as in this reference to the boyhood of Seeger in New York: "The clangorous life of the pent city's life, which ever grows skyward, entered into his soul; his greatest joy was to follow the rushing fire-en-

gines which are seen every day in her street-canon."

Set Down in Malice and Uncensored Celebrities present sprightly pictures of individuals about whom the dust of controversy still flies. Both volumes conceal their authorship under pseudonyms. The former book is so vigorous in its opinions, so merciless in its thrusts, and so altogether charming in its arrant pin-pricking that one lays it down with the utmost difficulty. Its author is an undisguised poseur, but he has acquitted himself so well in his self-imposed effrontery, that he deserves forgiveness—and a wink. Mr. Raymond's racy volume, facile in skill and engaging in wit, contains sketches of thirty-two leading figures in English politics, with the English-born Gompers appended. Its rank is that of high-grade journalism.

SCENES FROM ITALY'S WAR. By G. M. Trevelyan. 240 pages. Houghton Mifflin.

This volume supplies a sample of the kind of writing that may well reduce American literary men to despair. The sureness and dignity that characterizes the best English quarterlies is present here in large measure; considered language gives to the narrative something of the processional unity that the events themselves possessed.

Historical judgment is another matter. Although in the introduction the author assumes no other obligations than those that belong to a narrator of individual experiences, a reading of the book reveals the fact that personal reminiscences are used only as they become serviceable to a tolerably well organized history of Italy's part in the war. Even so, it is perhaps too much to expect that an Englishman, writing in the closing days of the conflict, would be bold enough to see the similarity between the bargain by means of which Buelow and Erzberger attempted to buy Italy's neutrality, and the Treaty of London, which named the Allied price of her participation in the war. The author's defense of Italian sincerity has lost something of its force through the publication of the information that the Triple Alliance was vitiated seventeen years ago by a secret convention between France and Italy. On the occasion of King Emmanuel's visit to Paris last winter, the Temps made it known that in 1902 an agreement was reached which provided that neither of the two countries should take part in any aggression against the other, and that neither should participate in any war against the other, even though self-declared, if this war was imposed by the will of the enemy (*Le Temps*, Paris, 22 December 1918). Villainies of one sort and another, from the secret diplomacy of Delcasse to the latest grand opera gesture of d'Annunzio, have so blurred the political aspects of the situation that one turns with something like relief from this phase of the war to the author's more than readable account of straightforward pre-armistice fighting.

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**THE TAKER.** By Daniel Carson Goodman. 346 pages. Boni & Liveright.

As a rule, a novel in which the basic theme is egoism—and particularly egoism of which the impelling force is sex—may lay claim to the initial assumption that it aspires to serious consideration. In fact there are but two reasonable approaches to such a theme—either in the mood of the tolerant, satirical shrug of Schnitzler, or of downright earnestness, as in Dreiser. The book that does not cleave to one or the other of these fashions becomes ludicrous—or stupid. The Taker becomes the latter. This is not to question the author's serious intent, however. There can be no doubt of Mr. Goodman's wish to be serious, but he has merely succeeded in piling one morbid incident upon another—with no discernible sense of form, of style, or of character analysis. When he is most in earnest, he makes his hero merely foolish. It would be difficult to match some of the supposedly illuminating speeches of the central character. They are witless, hollow:

"I thought when I married you, that the mental and physical beings were entirely separate and independent of each other. That was the real reason for my marrying you. But I've learned, regardless of my fight against it, that one only reveals and completes the other.

"One is the breath of life to the other. It's just like the new-born babe. It has a body and all that, but breath must be put into it before there is life.

"Maybe life is just like a cigar, Mabel—it takes a mighty good cigar to make us enjoy a smoke, yet the better the cigar the worse the after taste. So if we have just a little happiness then we have only a little suffering."

Mr. Goodman has attempted the impossible. He has drawn a character with no other aim in life than the successive physical conquest of many women, and then tried to throw a philosophic halo into the picture. On top of all that, he has attempted to make his pursuer aware of a cosmic urge, as though that explained everything. Altogether, a shoddy novel with nothing artistic to redeem it.

**ARCHITECTURE AND DEMOCRACY.** By Claude Bragdon. 213 pages. Knopf.

The author of *Architecture and Democracy* is a many-sided man, and there are many ways of approaching his work. The architect and the mathematician, the layman and the mystic, will each find a portion of Mr. Bragdon's book to which he may respond with complete sympathy. The criticism of pre-war architecture, with its pretentious "period" facades and its imbecility in design, the contrast between arranged architecture and organic, should doubtless be familiar to members of the profession who are acquainted with the literature of non-academic criticism from Ruskin to Mr. L. March Phillips. But the call to forget the solutions of

other ages and to confront the problems of one's own has not been adequately heeded, and it is well that architects should hear this exhortation from such eminent work-fellows as Mr. Bragdon, and his master, Louis Sullivan. And the task of the innovators will be lightened if a sense of past deficiencies and future possibilities is implanted in the public whom the architect incidentally serves. Those who felt strangely moved by the restrained novelty of the decorations for the Song and Light Festival held in Manhattan in the autumn of 1917 will be interested to note that the designs were derived from the projection of the fourth dimension on a plane. Thus Mr. Bragdon exhibits his ability to put his text into action, for instead of leaning upon ancient forms he derives his decorative motifs from those mathematical discoveries which have had so large a part to play in the development of the art of engineering, the copartner of all that is new and virile in modern architecture. By wrestling with the lessons of science Mr. Bragdon has shown how esthetics may gain strength in its endeavor to refine and spiritualize the activities of democracy.

**THE TRAGEDY OF LABOR: A Monograph in Folk Philosophy.** By William Riley Halstead. 107 pages. Abingdon Press.

With the world in industrial ferment, and the attention of statesman and layman alike focused upon epoch-making social experiments; with governments eagerly seeking for something that will offer the hope of avoiding the seemingly inevitable death struggle between capital and labor over the wage system, it is a rash impertinence for any man to offer his personal preachments in lieu of some method whereby a peaceful reconstruction of society may be accomplished. The author of *The Tragedy of Labor* drops every discussion just where the curtain of revelation should rise. That the reconstruction of the world in more than a physical sense has already begun, Mr. Halstead is blithely unaware. And where an earnest exposition of "folk-philosophy" is eagerly looked for, he gives us a jumble of impressions that is neither philosophy nor economics. In discussing the wage system, we learn that

man has not learned a better economic way. The plan of it has become an industrial axiom. *It is only questioned by those who put themselves under a strain to find out some new thing.*

Of course, the man who would write that has the sweetest sympathy for the poor Poor. He is so sure that the world is just as lovely as it can possibly be, despite its many evils, which he admits, that he has the assurance to write:

There can be no social arrangement made to relieve incapacity and lack of wit from the distress of itself. To the indigent and helpless belong the humanities, which must be administered to them aside from the trade equities.



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**RELIGION AND CULTURE.** *A Critical Survey of Methods of Approach to Religious Phenomena.* By Frederick Schleiter. 206 pages. Columbia University Press.

This book is hopelessly mistitled. To be sure it touches the outskirts of its announced subject, but only the outskirts. Actually it is an examination of the concepts and modes of thought which have achieved vogue in the study of the ceremonies and beliefs of primitive peoples—fetishism, animism, totemism, taboo, and so forth—which for some non-consequential reason have been bundled together under the caption *Religion, Primitive* in the anthropological mind. Within this limited field Dr. Schleiter performs a service, calling attention to the need for critical restatement and indicating what are certainly more cautious, and hence sounder, modes of generalization than are most of those which have the vogue. The book ought to be read by all interested in the study of the paganism of savagdom, that is, by professed anthropologists and comparative religionists. It must be added that it ought not to be read fastidiously, for it is styleless—or rather, it carries to absurdity the styleless style of the Spencerians (lacking, of course, Spencer's magniloquent boom) and it is grotesquely ornamented with terms drawn from a certain barbarous modern tongue. For example, the author wishes to say that many drugs still in use were known simply as medicines to primitive men; he says:

A considerable part of our pharmacopoeia has developed from administrations utilized by primitive man, without antecedent adventitious genuflections or ideas regarding spiritual beings.

Tylor and Frazer and Lang at least know the use of the English language, and until their critics attain their facility the older school will continue to dominate the field.

**SELF-GOVERNMENT IN THE PHILIPPINES.** By Maxime M. Kalaw. 210 pages. Century.

Under the Jones Law, which was passed by Congress in 1916, the United States is pledged to grant independence to the Filipinos as soon as they have proved their capacity to maintain a "stable" government. Professor Kalaw presents abundant evidence to show that the Filipinos have fulfilled their part of the bargain; and gently but firmly urges the United States to redeem its pledge. Under the administration of Governor-General Francis Burton Harrison, the Philippines have enjoyed practical autonomy; and Professor Kalaw shows how the economic prosperity of the islands has increased with the development of popular government. He describes the successful administrative work of the Filipino officials, the rapid decrease in the public debt since the inauguration of responsible government and a budget system, the large appropriations for education, the amelioration of conditions among the Moros and other uncivilized tribes. He scouts the bogey of possible Japanese aggression which is so often raised by the American imperialist. He points out that Korea and Manchuria (he might have added Shantung) are natural fields for the expansion of Japan's surplus population and that the Japanese effort to colonize Formosa, which is located in a colder belt than the Philippines, has ended in a dismal fiasco. Professor Kalaw further reinforces his arguments with some unconsciously ironical references to the high democratic ideals of the late war and with an almost pathetically naive appeal to President Wilson's repeated expressions of sympathy with the aspirations of the Filipinos for independence.

**MUSINGS AND MEMORIES OF A MUSICIAN.** By Sir George Henschel. 398 pages. Macmillan.

Perhaps the preservation of the world's opinion of Sir George Henschel, first conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and a European composer and singer of real merit, has value; but one would hardly have expected the record to have been compiled by Henschel himself. Such an autobiography the present volume primarily is, and it is difficult indeed for the reader to be generous-minded toward a writer when once the latter stands revealed as one who thrives on adulation and who has carefully preserved in his mind or on paper a vast amount of material in praise of himself. Many important personages pass across these pages. The pride Sir George felt in being acquainted with them is omnipresent. But one searches in vain for evidences of that pleasing personality which must have been his in order to have retained such friends.

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Foote, Elgar, Patti—not to mention those noted friends of his who were important in fields other than music—would have been a significant contribution. Pleasing anecdotes in regard to these persons are, of course, supplied; but little is added to our conception of their personalities. Brahms, by exception, is treated with sympathetic appreciation; but Sir George had already given his vivid impressions of this artist to the world in the *Personal Recollections of Johannes Brahms* (Badger; Boston, 1907). A life passed with such friends must have left recollections of great value concerning questions of musical principles and esthetics and tendencies; but one finds little in this volume which will reward penetrative study.

There are interesting pages concerning the beginnings of the Boston Orchestra and in appreciation of Mr. Higginson. An informative picture of the life of an eminently successful musician in the late Nineteenth Century in Germany and England is given. Sir George was born a Prussian. This should occasion no alarm, however, as the book, written previous to the war, has since been made entirely unobnoxious by changing the word *St. Petersburg* to *Petrograd*! The volume is written with careful lucidity and with an absence of technical terms. It makes pleasant, light reading for all, and fascinating reading for some. The disappointment lies in what it might have been.

FRENCH WAYS AND THEIR MEANING. By Edith Wharton. 149 pages. Appleton.

Not alone the welcomed-home doughboy and the repatriated Tommy, but nearly everybody else in the Anglo-Saxon world fails today as always to understand France. If curiosity were only as general as bafflement, Mrs. Wharton's new volume would perhaps be assured of the wide reading it deserves. Not that all the questions that puzzle Anglo-Saxondom find here a definitive answer; even if other conditions were altogether favorable, the pressure of war emotions would preclude finality. But the volume does transcend its self-confessed limitations; it offers more than one expects from "a desultory book, the result of intermittent observation, and often, no doubt, of rash assumption"; it does in fact discover the direction which any study of France should take, and goes some little distance along the road to understanding.

First and fundamentally, the society of France is "grown-up"—of all societies "the most completely detached from the lingering spell of the ancient shadowy world in which trees and animals talked to each other, and began the education of the fumbling beast that was to deviate into man." The outstanding qualities of this adult and worldly-wise society are taste, reverence, continuity, and intellectual honesty. Taste—the expression of

symmetry, harmony, and order"—is "the natural inheritance of the heirs of a classical tradition refined again by centuries of living under conditions that made order and accommodation the prerequisites of existence. With the word "reverence" one is inclined to find fault—mainly because this word has an emotional quality that is foreign to the French mind, and would necessarily set limits to intellectual honesty. "Historical prudence" is perhaps a more accurate denominator for the quality the author has in mind; certainly it is more exactly descriptive of the type of intellect that raises no obstacles to investigation, but at the same time refuses to break the household gods until reason proves them false.

It is these adult qualities of proportion, poise, and intellectual fearlessness, rather than any over-emotionality, that make the French doubtful of excesses in vice and virtue, but nevertheless permit them to sample all that is new before they abandon anything time-tested of their fathers.

THE DICKENS CIRCLE. By J. W. T. Ley. 352 pages. Dutton.

We are so much accustomed to a manner of delicious mockery directed towards any scene plucked from mid-Victoria that J. W. T. Ley's *The Dickens Circle* appears with all the shock of a novelty. For the author, disclaiming at once the role of a critic, assumes an attitude of gracious cordiality, and in the manner of a quiet host, with the least possible intrusion of his own personality, introduces us to all of those figures, little and big, unassuming and pretentious, who went to make up the wide circle of the Dickens acquaintanceship. And there emerges from a mass of detail a nineteenth century that we were wont to believe in before the days of Mr. Strachey and other trumpeters who shattered so effectually the walls of Victorian respectability. The great Charles appears, graphically if not delicately sketched, as essentially democratic, sociable, unintrospective—embodying qualities that endeared him to all manners and conditions of men. His contemporaries are the agreeable geniuses of men of talent that we have met before through the pages of kindly histories of literature. In short, here is the warm and tender, the sentimental and self-sufficient England of the last century. Mr. Ley should not be criticized for failure to have penetrated deeper beneath the surface. Dickens lover that he is, he has seen through rosy glasses all of those who came to join a varied and ever widening circle. To have presupposed a murky situation in a setting of tinsel and then cast upon it the clear white light of truth would have been beyond his role as the cheerful host and modest interpreter. The material for this work, we are told in the preface, was overwhelming and the difficulty lay in deciding what to omit. The difficulty was not entirely overcome and exists as a blemish in the finished product.

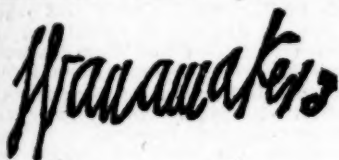
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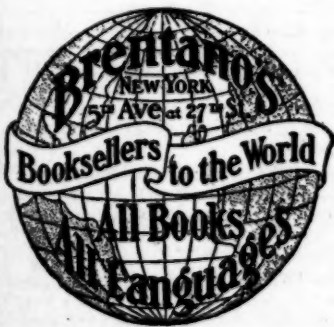
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## Books of the Fortnight

**The Chronicles of America: The Red Man's Continent**, by Ellsworth Huntington; the Quaker Colonies, by Sydney G. Fisher; Colonial Folkways, by Charles M. Andrews; John Marshall and the Constitution, by Edward S. Corwin; Pioneers of the Old Southwest, by Constance Lindsay Skinner; The Reign of Andrew Jackson, by Frederick Austin Ogg; The Sequel of Appomattox, by Walter Lynwood Fleming; The Cleveland Era, by Henry Jones Ford; The Path of Empire, by Carl Russell Fish; The Hispanic Nations of the New World, by William R. Shepherd (Yale University Press). These issues make available thirty of the complete fifty volumes of the *Chronicles of America*, of which a number have previously been reviewed in *THE DIAL* and two are reviewed by Hamlin Garland on page 285. Discussions of these and the remaining twenty volumes will appear in *THE DIAL* from time to time.

**The Emancipation of Massachusetts: The Dream and the Reality**, by Brooks Adams (534 pages; Houghton Mifflin), first appeared more than thirty years ago. A new edition gives the author the opportunity to embody in a preface of 168 pages his conspectus of universal history—a trenchant criticism in the same vein as Mr. Adams' later *Theory of Social Revolutions*.

**A Brief History of Europe: From 1789 to 1815**, by Lucius Hudson Holt and Alexander Wheeler Chilton (358 pages; Macmillan), limits itself to the purely political and military aspects of the period. Review later.

**The Spirit of Russia**, by Thomas Garrigue Masaryk (2 vols., 1065 pages; Macmillan), marshals an imposing collection of studies in history, literature, and philosophy. This book promises to take an important place in the literature on Russia. Review later.

**The Russian Diary of Englishman**, (228 pages; McBride), contains some tolerably interesting passages dealing with the overthrow of the Czar and the Kerensky revolution. Its historical value is vitiated by the fact that the identity of the author is not revealed.

**England and Ireland, In the Past and at Present**, by Edward Raymond Turner (504 pages; Century), ineffectually endeavors to throw the neutral light of scholarly investigation upon a darkly controversial subject. Review later.

**The Holocaust**, by A. A. Pons, translated by P. R. Lloyd (329 pages; McBride), is a description of the Risorgimento movement in Italy, the movement that created a national state out of a "geographic expression." Lord Bryce's introduction reminds us that the leaders of the Risorgimento were "thinking not of territorial extensions . . . but of the rule of justice in a world set free for peace in which nationalism was to be subordinated to the common welfare of humanity."

**Bulgaria: Problems and Politics**, by George Clenton Logio (285 pages; Doran), has the merit of discussing a propagandist subject in a not too obviously propagandist way. The author is a lecturer in Bulgarian at the University of London, and by nationality a Greek.

**Fields of Victory**, by Mrs. Humphry Ward (274 pages; Scribner), is a concise resume of the last

year of the Great War, completing the record begun in *England's Effort* and in *Towards the Goal*. It has perspective and clear vision. Review later.

**Documents and Statements Relating to Peace Proposals and War Aims: December 1916–November 1918** (259 pages; Macmillan), is a valuable sourcebook to which Lowes Dickinson's introduction, written in April 1919, when the hope for applying impartially the Wilsonian formulae still flickered feebly, is an invaluable contribution.

**The Soul of the "C. R. B."** by Madame Sainte-René Taillandier (233 pages; Scribner), deals with food relief in the days when its object was the preservation of human life in Belgium and northern France—not the restoration of reactionary government in Hungary and Russia.

**My "Little Bit,"** by Marie Corelli (218 pages; Doran), must be a reprint of almost everything the novelist thought and said about the war, and of some things which she merely said. Review later.

**The Command Is Forward**, by Sergeant Alexander Woolcott (304 pages; Century), collects a series of dispatches and drawings which appeared originally in *The Stars and Stripes*, the official newspaper of the A. E. F. The chattiness of the news stories and the cheerfulness of most of the drawings illustrate the commonplace that armies smile at death.

**The Mud Larks**, by Crosbie Garstin (213 pages; Doran). One reads on the cover that these British battling sketches—or some of them—have appeared in *Punch*. One samples the sketches, and wonders why.

**Peace and Business**, by Isaac F. Marcossou (292 pages; Lane), is the report of the war-time investigations of a man whose mind is entirely at peace with business. Bankers return from Europe with a new vision of society but their acolytes bring back only the promise of business as usual.

**The Story of Our Merchant Marine**, by Willis J. Abbott (373 pages; Dodd, Mead), is a historical account of the development of American shipping, popular in its diction and near-juvenile in its illustrations.

**J. William White, M.D.**, by Agnes Repplier (283 pages; Houghton Mifflin), is the biography of a distinguished Philadelphia surgeon who is known to the younger generation as one of the more expressive exponents of the Anglo-French cause prior to our entering the war, as well as a humane organizer of neutral hospital services in France. Enough to say of Dr. White's personality that his portrait has been drawn for us by Thomas Eakins, John Sargent, and Agnes Repplier.

**Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children**, edited by Joseph Bucklin Bishop (240 pages; Scribner), is worth a dozen adulatory biographies in its revelation of the author's character. The father, the human being, throws an interesting sidelight upon the public man, the effigy, because in a sense Father continued to remain an effigy even in the midst of parental diversions. Review later.

**A Childhood in Brittany Eighty Years Ago**, by Anne Douglas Sedgwick (illustrated, 224 pages; Century), is a charming mosaic of childhood recollections of life in an out-of-the-way corner of old France, rich in legends and tenacious of its inherited customs and loyalties. Review later.



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**The Amazing City**, by John F. Macdonald (304 pages; Lippincott), has for author the one time Paris dramatic critic for the *Fortnightly Review*. He was, too, "a student of human life"—so the preface says. It is evident that he found life in Paris most amiable, and that in ante-diluvian days he discovered much that the war itself has not revealed to the generality beyond the Channel and the Sea. Review later.

**California Desert Trails**, by J. Smeaton Chase (illustrated, 387 pages; Houghton Mifflin), has not the full tone-range of its subject, but is nevertheless so well and unpretentiously done that the reading of a chapter or two stirs a longing for wide spaces.

**Field, Forest and Farm**, by Jean-Henri Fabré, (253 pages; Scribner), translated by Florence Constable Bicknell, gives young American readers the opportunity to follow the author of *Our Humble Helpers* into haunts frequented by nature-lovers, gardeners, and fruit-growers. A familiarity with these rural fields will breed not contempt but appreciation of Fabré's scientific illuminations.

**Fishing Tackle and Kits**, by Dixie Carroll (334 pages; Stewart and Kidd, Cincinnati), has a salutation, a dedication, a foreword, a preface, an introduction, and some 130 topics—all relating to angling. Much of it is reprinted from magazine and newspaper sources, with the chaff remaining in it; but the book is comprehensive, chatty, and convivial. Angling for readers, Mr. Carroll baits his hook with slang.

**The Justification of the Good: An Essay on Moral Philosophy**, by Vladimir Solovyov, translated by Nathalie A. Duddington (475 pages; Macmillan), is less a contribution to ethical knowledge than to national understanding. The author goes back to Vico in founding his moral-religious system upon shame and fear, to Comte in his consecration of the Eternal Feminine, and to Augustine in his attempt to establish spiritually the Universal Church.

**Philosophic Thought and Religion**, by D. Ambrose Jones (60 pages; Macmillan), surveys important philosophic systems from Aristotle to Eucken for the sake of proving that Christianity fills the gap which they leave vacant. It is an effort to make a guidebook take the place of an encyclopedia.

**Heartbreak House, Great Catherine, and Playlets of the War**, by Bernard Shaw (295 pages; Brentano), consists of half a dozen one-acters and prefaces. "Heartbreak House is not merely the name of the play which follows" the first preface. "It is cultured, leisured Europe before the war." Shaw's criticism of Heartbreak House follows the lines of Misalliance and Getting Married; the preface explains how during the war the fools shouted the wise men down, and the Dumb Capables proceeded irresistibly to the conquest of Europe while the Noisy Incapables were making the Empire sick. Review later.

**Poems**, by William Ernest Henley (274 pages; Scribner), gives a sense of the remoteness of the poet and his period from that nervous, war-ringing, introspective world we live in today. Now that speed is a permanent fact of modern existence we can no longer appreciate its ecstatic celebration in Henley's song.

**Chaos**, by "Altair" (56 pages; Douglas C. McMurtrie, New York), is a vision of eternity in verse

and pictures. The index of this little essay begins with Aeronauts and ends with X-rays, and what lies between is the marriage of the Heaven of William Blake to the Hell of H. G. Wells.

**Captain Zillner**, by Rudolf Jeremais Kreutz, translated by W. J. Alexander Worster (326 pages; Doran), is an Austrian war novel done in the flat realism of Tolstoy's *Sebastopol*. Review later.

**Deep Waters**, by W. W. Jacobs, (illustrated, 290 pages; Scribner), collects more of his droll tales of seafaring folk unsead. A characteristic village story, *Family Cares*, marks high-water for Mr. Jacobs' inimitable combination of delicate extravaganza and authentic humanity.

**Taking the Count**, by Charles E. Van Loan (354 pages; Doran), adds another—unfortunately a posthumous—collection of short stories to the author's series of volumes dedicated to American sports. After the race-track, the links, and the diamond it is once more the prize-ring that engages his close observation and catholic sympathy. Honest stories about game men.

**The Chronicle of an Old Town**, by Albert Benjamin Cunningham, (326 pages; Abingdon Press), chronicles a backwater Ohio village through the history of an elderly minister's family. Its unimportant love story, leisurely told, lets the minister and two other mellow philosophers talk rustic wisdom that is richly flavored.

**Mufti**, by "Sapper"—Cyril McNeile—(303 pages; Doran), is an example of English best-seller fiction, with an ironic flair for dialogue conspicuously lacking in the American product, and with an indifference to happy ending which the cisatlantic practitioner does not share. It is an adept piece of catering, well prepared.

**Sisters**, by Kathleen Norris (342 pages; Doubleday Page), rests on the twin pillars of cheap popularity—the maudlin and the sensational. Its author has the satisfaction of knowing that she has done—and can do—ininitely better work.

**Vive La France**, by E. B. and A. A. Knipe (364 pages; Century), is set forth as a narrative founded on a diary, at once a novel and an historical record. It retraces the very familiar ground of the invasion of 1914.

**Rainbow Valley**, by L. M. Montgomery (341 pages; Stokes), is a story in the gentle jog trot between sprightly and pastoral; it carries on the tradition of the same writer's *Anne of Green Gables*.

## Contributors

Hamlin Garland, novelist and dramatist, was born in West Salem, Wisconsin, at the beginning of the Civil War. His latest book, *A Son of the Middle Border*, was reviewed by C. K. Trueblood in *THE DIAL* for February 28, 1918.

Liberalism in Japan is the first of a series of three articles on Japan by John Dewey which *THE DIAL* will publish in successive issues.

Bolshevism and the Vested Interests begins a new series by Mr. Veblen. A collection of sociological and economic papers by Thorstein Veblen, entitled *The Place of Science in Modern Civilization and Other Essays*, is announced by Huebsch for autumn publication.

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